RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR

June 25¢

I WALKED INTO $22,500"

The Winner of the
alking-Man Contest tells her own story

The
L JOLSONS
have a
IEW BABY!
icture in Color

YOUNG
R. MALONE
Reader-Bonus
Novelette

ICK
YMES

Be prettier with Solitair

SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it DOES NOT CLOG PORES, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Ceil Chapman

Give yourself the new, flawlessly pretty complexion that Solitair creates so quickly. Solitair applies smoothly to give you a new-found loveliness—a complexion so fresh appearing, so gentle soft. No artificial "made-up" look—no "starched, stiff" feeling. Because Solitair is a special *feather-weight* cake make-up. Combines creamy smooth foundation and finest "wind-blown" face powder. It's a *complete* make-up—as flattering as candlelight! Cleverly hides little blemishes. Gives flawless, poreless-looking beauty to even the loveliest complexion. Does wonders for ordinary skin. And stays pretty *so* much longer! Like many expensive night creams, Solitair contains lanolin—to help guard against dryness. No wonder millions prefer it! You will, too! Only $1.00.

Seven new fashion-right shades

Contains Lanolin

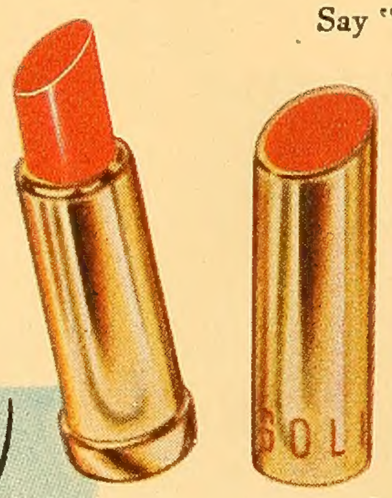
Solitair

Cake Make-Up

and

***Fashion-Point Lipstick**

NEW BEAUTY, TOO—FOR YOUR LIPS!



Say "Solitair *Fashion-Point" and get the one and only lipstick with a point shaped to fit your lips. Gives the cleanest, sharpest outlines without brush or applicator. Goes on creamy smooth—stays faultless longer. Made with lanolin. Six exciting new, radiantly flattering reds. Mounted in America's most beautiful lipstick case of gleaming polished metal. $1.00.

*Slanting cap with red-enameled circle identifies the famous Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Patent No. 2162584.

Don't be all washed-up that way, Pet!

Clinch that bath-freshness now—lest your charm and chums fade away!

THAT HEAVENLY BATH! You feel radiant... *desirable.* Yet, before the evening's over, Cookie—you may be guilty of underarm odor. And if daintiness deserts you—men may, too.

So be a Mum girl. After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, give underarms Mum's special protection against risk of odor *to come.*

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Won't Slip Out

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JUNE, 1948

RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 30, NO. 1 KEYSTONE EDITION

PEOPLE ON THE AIR

The Big Voices 29
There's Only One Irma ..... by Sara Hamilton 30
Come and Visit Fibber McGee and Molly ..... by Pauline Swanson 32
"We Adopted a Baby" ..... by Robbin Coons 36
People Are Funny—in Pictures 38
I Walked into $22,500 ..... by Mrs. Florence Hubbard 42
He's My Boss ..... by Bob McCord 46
The Bride and Groom Whose Hearts Grew Fonder ..... by John Nelson 48
Through The Years With Portia—in Pictures 56
My Pal Milton Berle ..... by Frank Gallop 62

INSIDE RADIO

The Winner (Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund) 3
Facing the Music ..... by Duke Ellington 8
The Laine Controversy ..... by Joe Martin 10
Radio Mirror Quiz ..... by Art Linkletter 11
Look At the Records ..... by Joe Martin 12
Collector's Corner ..... by Miguelito Valdes 13
What's New From Coast to Coast ..... by Dale Banks 14
Information Booth 20
Tom Moore 23
The Fitzgeralds 26
Your Front-row Seat for the Charlie McCarthy Show—in color 60
Inside Radio 70
It's Here 73

FOR BETTER LIVING

Which is the Better Half? ..... by Terry Burton 6
The Romantic Touch ..... by Mary Jane Fulton 16
Between the Bookends ..... by Ted Malone 40
Life Can Be Beautiful 44
—And Something New ..... by Kate Smith 64
Traveler of the Month ..... by Tommy Bartlett 74

YOUR LOCAL STATION

WNBC: Bob Smith 4
KDKA: Ruth Behringer, Violinist 18
WFIL: Wide Awake in Sleepy Hollow 22
WHAM: Charles Siverson 24

TELEVISION

Alma Kitchell 51
Pix Means Pictures 52
People in Television 53
What's New From Coast to Coast in Television 54

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

Masquerade of Hearts—A Young Dr. Malone Novelette by Helen Christy Harris 66

ON THE COVER: Dick Haymes; color portrait by Hymie Fink

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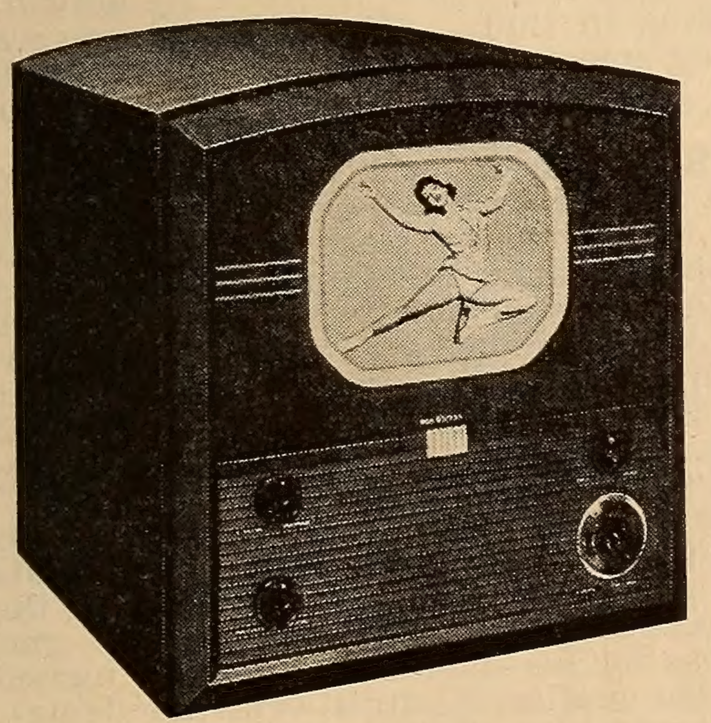
I WANT TO JOIN THE AMERICAN KIND OF WAR THAT STOPS KILLING

THIS is the statement which, in the opinion of RADIO MIRROR's editors, best deserves first place in the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund drive which we announced in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR. Mrs. Robert N. Clark of Downey, California, who sent it to us, will receive the RCA table television set described in March, and pictured below.

We are proud that the response of our readers to the Cancer Fund appeal has enabled us to send a sizeable check to Walter Winchell, chief sponsor of the Fund. Many of you took the opportunity to send with your coupons and statements not only the dollar bill we asked for, but as much money as you could spare. Every one of your contributions will help the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund forward in a war we all believe worth fighting: the war that *stops* killing.

And we are proud, too, of many forceful statements you sent us explaining why you wished to contribute to the Fund. In these statements lies a most important assurance that the American public is ready to fight cancer not only with money, but with intelligent interest and energy that must bring closer the winning of this battle against one of humanity's most powerful enemies.



RCA's Model 721TS, awarded to the winner in Radio Mirror's Cancer Fund contest: Mrs. Robert N. Clark of Downey, Cal.

Are you in the know?

When can a girl ask for a date?

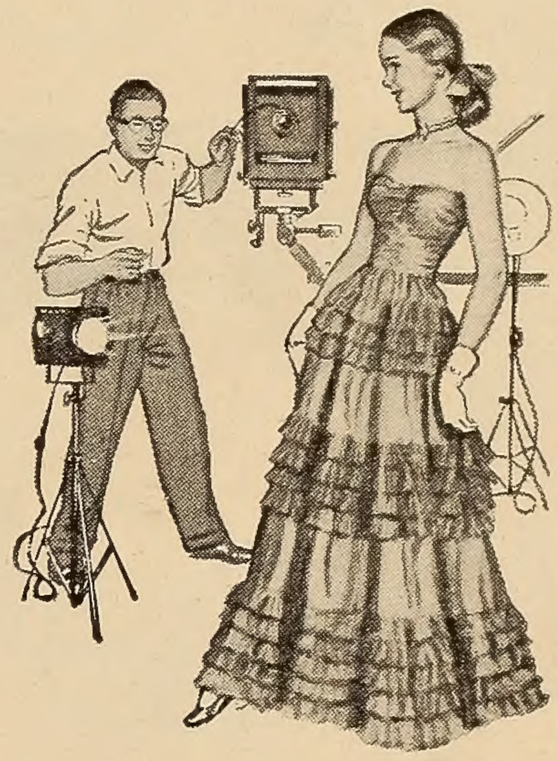
- ☐ *But never*
- ☐ *In Twirp Season*
- ☐ *How desperate can you get*

A miss *can* stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means "The Woman Is Requested to Pay". At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help *so* many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!

Do the Crew Cuts rate you—

- ☐ *Affectionate*
- ☐ *Affected*
- ☐ *A femme to follow*

A gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep repeating "See?" . . . "I mean . . ." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you *rah*-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. What with that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex for *extra* protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence! And Kotex comes in *3 sizes*—there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for *you*.



How to start a modeling career?

- ☐ *Trek to the big city*
- ☐ *Take a charm course*
- ☐ *Find out if you're qualified*

Modeling's glamorous . . . but gruelling. How's your health? Disposition? Can your arches take long hours of standing? You needn't fly far afield to find out. Try your wings in fashion shows at your local department store. Tells you if you're qualified. On difficult days, comfort *counts;* and Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Not 'til you've tried *new* Kotex can you appreciate this new, suave softness that *holds its shape.* And the new all-elastic Kotex Belt fits comfortably . . . doesn't bind.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Bob Smith

Eloise McElhone, Bob and Norman Brokenshire sing in praise of New Rochelle, N. Y., Bob's home town.

The star of WNBC's daily Bob Smith Show also has a Saturday morning program, Triple-B Ranch.

BOB SMITH sings and plays the piano, and so do lots of other entertainers. He plays records, and so do lots of disc jockeys. He also gives time signals, weather reports, goings-on about town (and all the suburbs), and chats with a whimsical style of half-naive, half-subtle comedy. But his treatment of songs and records in an off-hand, casual style has made for faithful listeners all around the East.

Bob was born in Buffalo on Nov. 27, 1917. At the age of 15, he joined a male trio called the Hi-Hatters, who appeared over several radio stations. Another Smith, Kate, brought them to New York one year later and introduced them to her network audience. This was followed by several months of vaudeville bookings in and around New York. Meantime, Station WGR, Buffalo, had wired Bob, offering him a year-'round job as staff pianist and vocalist. He left the trio to accept this more permanent post, and he stayed with WGR until 1944.

Bob is often described as a 1948 combination of still another Smith, "Whispering Jack," and Little Jack Little, with just a touch of Ralph Edwards thrown in. And these capabilities were given full rein during his stay in Buffalo. While at WGR, and from June 1944 until August 1946 when he was with WBEN, Buffalo, Bob Smith became one of Western New York's best known radio names. His talents as an m.c., singer, pianist and arranger identified him with many of the most popular local shows, and he was featured on most of the network programs originating in Buffalo. He still holds several records for building amazingly large audiences locally in competition with some of the strongest network opposition.

The Bob Smith Show started on WNBC August 5, 1946. Within a year, it has been "Sold Out" commercially; audience surveys have shown a steady increase month by month; and Bob's fan mail, averaging 1500 letters per week, would be the envy of many a rising movie star.

A cue to his growing popularity is found in his musicianship. He often rehearses hours just to achieve an unusual musical effect, and his piano modulations in and out of recordings and commercial transcriptions have received much favorable critical comment.

In addition to the six early shows, Bob also conducts the Triple-B Ranch show, a quiz and fun session on Saturday mornings, in which teams from schools in the New York area compete for prizes. He's the m.c. and quiz master, and has for his sidekick a character named "Howdy Doody" (in reality, Smith's ventriloquizing). Triple-B Ranch is part of the station's Saturday morning lineup of shows only for children and teen-agers.

A few months ago, Bob began to take television seriously, and he's carried over the "Howdy Doody" character as a marionette, into his Puppet Playhouse.

The Smiths—wife Mildred and two sons, Robin and Ronnie—live a pleasant, suburban life in their large English Colonial home in New Rochelle, New York.

The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale)

THOSE innocent-looking flakes and scales you see on scalp, hair or dress-shoulder are a warning. They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff . . . and that is a distressing, unsightly condition that no woman wants to risk.

This is no time to fool around with smelly lotions or sticky salves that cannot kill germs. You need antiseptic action . . . and you need it quick! It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, followed with several minutes of vigorous finger-tip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp and hair a wonderfully cool and refreshing antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale). This hard-to-kill germ, many dermatologists say, is a causative agent of the trouble.

You will be delighted to find how cool and clean your scalp feels . . . how wonderfully fresh your hair looks . . . and how quickly those distressing flakes and scales that rob the hair of its magic, begin to disappear.

In clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of the dandruff patients:

When you wash your hair

If you're smart you will not wait for symptoms; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing as countless fastidious men and women do. It's a healthful, cleanly habit and may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than sixty years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

This month's Counselor: Dr. Wellman J. Warner, head of Sociology at NYU Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, is presented by Terry Burton (played by Patsy Campbell).

WHICH *is the* BETTER HALF?

Each Wednesday a Family Counselor visits The Second Mrs. Burton (heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EDT, on CBS). With this issue, Terry Burton begins to share these stimulating visits, choosing one each month on which to report to Radio Mirror readers.

By

TERRY BURTON

TODAY'S housewife is called upon to play many different roles in the course of her day: that of mother, playmate, cook and psychologist, to mention only a few. I imagine there are women all over the country, homemakers like myself, with vexing problems, but how many are as lucky as I am?

Every Wednesday a Family Counselor, who is an authority in one of the many fields that interest housewives, drops in and pays the Burtons a visit. That way I have a chance to listen to their advice and also to ask questions about a particular problem which may be troubling me.

Thinking that perhaps the readers of RADIO MIRROR might like the benefit of the information I have gathered from talking to these Family Counselors, I am passing it along in this new series of Family Counselor pages.

A recent guest of ours was Dr. Wellman J. Warner, who is head of the Department of Sociology of the New York University Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Dr. Warner and I had a very interesting discussion.

A lot of us sometimes wonder about our position in the over-all scheme of the family; so often our husbands are given a certain prestige which we feel should be shared with us. Through Hugh James, our announcer, I came right out and asked Dr. Warner which, in his estimation, was the "better half."

Dr. Warner laughingly admitted that mine was a provocative question and that it might lead him into difficulties with Mrs. Warner, but then he added more seriously that it really isn't a question of a better half; what must be recognized is the fact that in the modern American home, the wife-mother plays a major role. Dr. Warner went on to say, "It's about time we recognized the fact that, in the final analysis, it is the wife and mother on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of running a happy household. There is as much need for outstanding ability and intelligence to run a home as there is to provide the wherewithal. The wife-mother must be a specialist in her own right."

I was very glad to hear Dr. Warner say this, because after all is said and done, it is the mother who must assume the larger share of responsibility in molding the character of her children. And Dr. Warner proved this point by adding, "Years ago when a youngster had to stay at home because outside interests were few and far between, he just naturally absorbed the benefits of family life. But today with the younger generation finding so many things of interest outside the home, the larger responsibility of guiding the children falls upon the mother, and her job calls for artistry in human relationship and real leadership in home life." "From what you have told us, Dr. Warner, it sounds to me," (and I had to laugh) "as though the real 'boss' of the family is the Missus and not the Mister!" "Well," Dr. Warner chuckled, "I wouldn't say 'boss,' but the husband must recognize that his wife has a clear and definite responsibility in the home. He must respect that fact just as the wife respects the fact that she must bow to her husband as the provider of the family."

So now you can understand why I wanted to be sure that as many of you as possible could have the benefit of this enlightening discussion with our Family Counselor, Dr. W. J. Warner.

Perhaps you have a problem that we might help solve, or a topic to suggest for future discussion. If you have, won't you send it along to me, in care of RADIO MIRROR?

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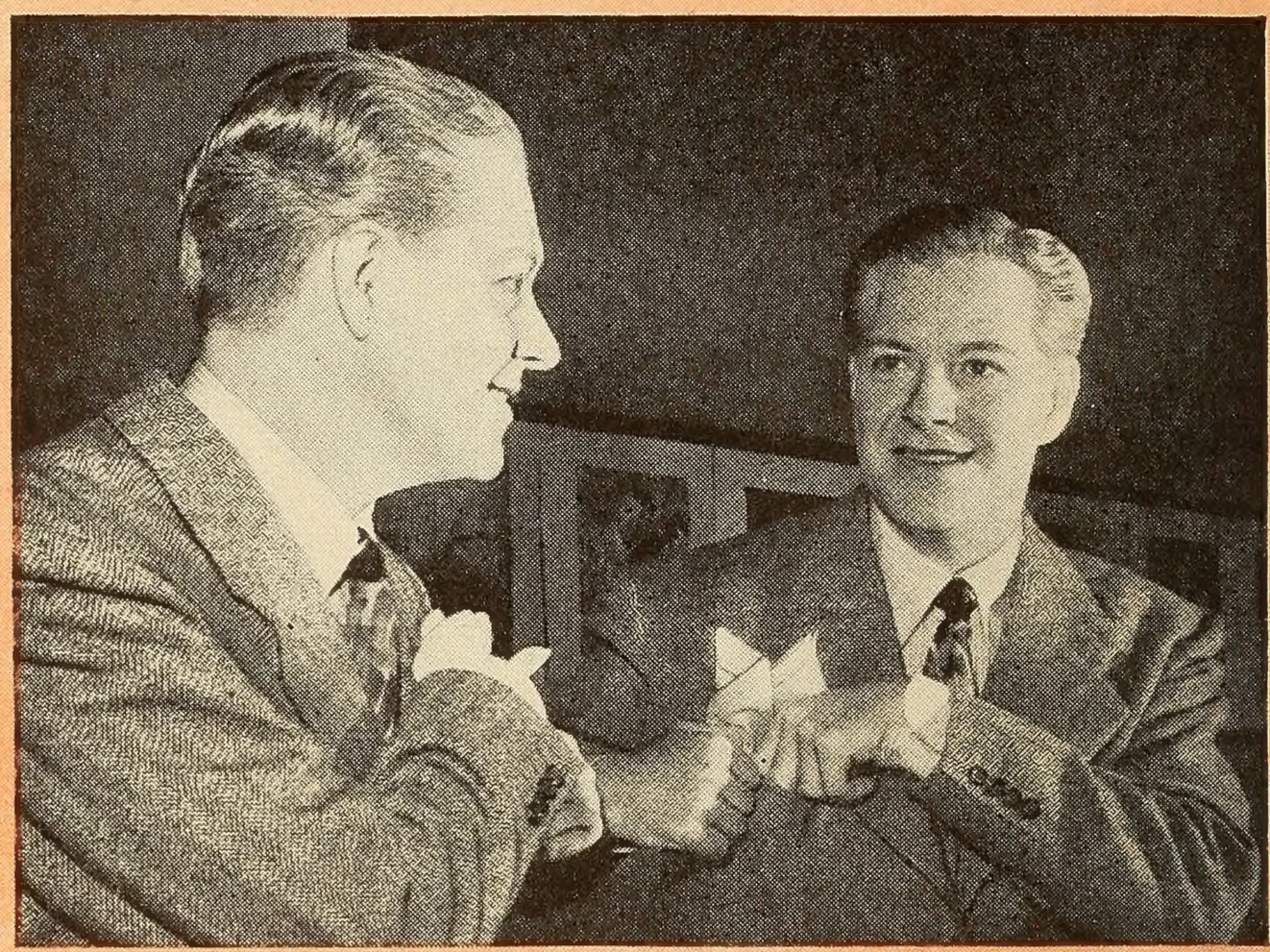
By DUKE ELLINGTON

A great musician begins, this month, to face the music for us.

Summertime may see Nelson Eddy holding down the Music Hall spot on NBC.



Facing the

Margaret Whiting and Bob Crosby celebrate the renewal of Bob's Club 15 contract.

DUKE ELLINGTON, Radio Mirror's new Facing The Music columnist, is star of the recorded Duke Ellington Show heard on many stations from coast to coast, including WMCA in New York (9 to 10 A.M. Monday through Friday and midnight to 1 A.M. Monday through Sunday).

* * *

In all my years in the music business, I've never found there to be a dearth of news—and that's my problem since I've become a columnist for RADIO MIRROR. It's a mighty tough thing to get all the news in my allotted space, but let's get started right now.

* * *

Now that baseball has taken over again, it's time to tell you that my friends Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly are starting a new movie for MGM that will be chock-full of new tunes. They play two parts of a baseball combination that is much in demand. Gene is actually writing the script.

* * *

Fellow disc-jockey Tommy Dorsey has spread out his disc show so that it can now be heard on four continents. Radio Luxembourg covers Europe and the British Isles. The Major Broadcasting network in

Dick Contino's accordion wins fans and fame on the Horace Heidt Show contest.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Day: a forthcoming Radio Mirror will tell the story behind the smiles.

Music

Australia will also take on the program, following which Tee Dee will even twirl 'em for the benefit of a station in Laurenco Margues, Mozambique in Africa.

* * *

That Crosby family is always making interesting news. Bob has his radio contract renewed for two more years. As singing star and master of ceremonies on the CBS Club 15, Bob has done much to make that just about the most popular quarter hour on the air.

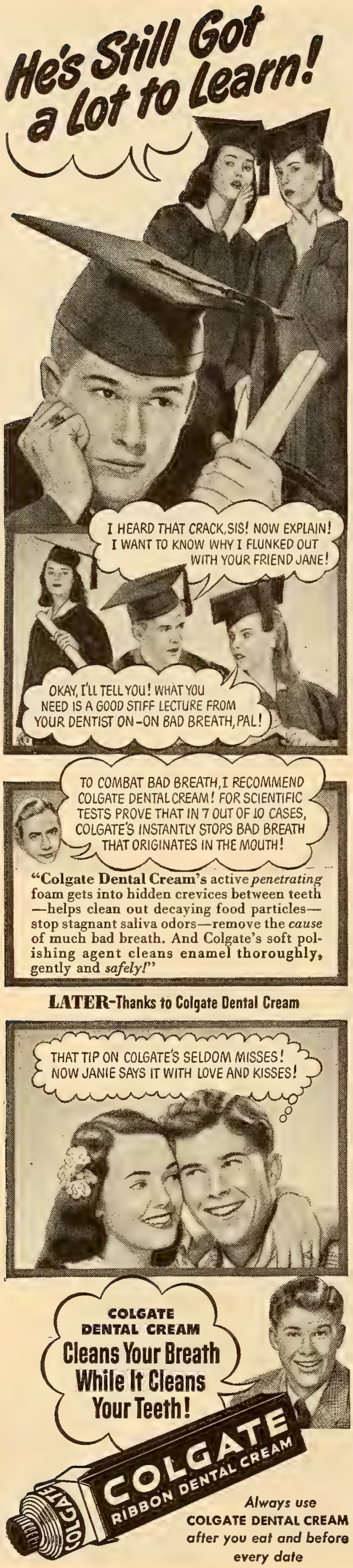
* * *

For the third successive year, maestro Paul Lavalle of the Friday night NBC Highways In Melody program will conduct the New York Philharmonic at Lewisohn Stadium in New York on June 26. Paul, you know, has been doing some wonderful service to youth with his annual musical scholarship. Information on this $1000 fund can be obtained from Mrs. Florida S. Cox, Belton, S. C., National Chairman of The Paul Lavalle Auditions.

* * *

Another disc-jockey has turned writer. Paul Whiteman's book, *Records for the Millions,* will be on sale about the same time as an album selected by "Pops," called by the same name.

Just for fun, Jo Stafford and Peggy Lee worked up a couple of duets.



The Laine Controversy

BY JOE MARTIN

WHETHER or not you believe that Frankie Laine has a "voice," there is no question over his ability to sell a song. In Frankie Laine's singing there is plenty of soul. That's the controversy—is it voice that makes a singer, or "soul"?

As for Frankie Laine being "in"—his Mercury platter of "That's My Desire" sold about 700,000 copies. In a single year's span, his salary jumped from $75 a week to over $750 a week. He's in, all right.

But Frankie Laine's story is not one of sudden success or find, flash and fizzle. Frankie is thirty-five years old. He was thirty-three when he got his first real break in show business. Up until 1946, his story had always been one of hard knocks and rough going. When only fifteen, Frankie sang with a Chicago musical group that was made up of Gene Krupa, Dave Rose and Muggsy Spanier. Ever since then, Frankie has been trying to prove that his vocal style was not only *musically* interesting, but also *commercially* good box-office.

His first job as a vocalist lasted eight months—the nation was hit by the 1929 financial bust. Then he traveled the country for some years as a professional marathon-dancer.

Success as a singer studiously avoided Frankie even though Perry Como got him a job with Fred Croloy's orchestra and even though Frankie was doing well as a singer in a Passaic, New Jersey night club. The latter job was over when he beat the boss in three consecutive checker games. Gene Goldkette arranged a sustaining spot on NBC, but the day of his first broadcast was the day that England and Germany went to war and all sustaining shows were canceled.

Even a good booking as singer and master of ceremonies on a South American cruise ship flew out the porthole when fateful Frankie hurt his knee and was hospitalized for eight months in Chicago, his home town.

During Frankie's career as a war-worker in a machine shop, it did look as though he would finally make the grade, but as a song writer. He had written a ditty called "It Only Happens Once." Nat Cole had heard it and liked it—so had Johnny Mercer, Jo Stafford and Frankie Carle. It was so good that "King" Cole immediately made a record of the song. You've guessed it; it's never been released!

"I'm still not sure how it happened," says Frankie, "but I finally was hired to sing in Billy Berg's in Hollywood."

"People like Carl Hoff, Anita O'Day and Herb Jeffries kinda talked around about my style and got word to Berle Adams of Mercury Records. He came in one day and asked me to record a tune that would be issued on the back of a record called 'The Pickle In The Middle.' That was the beginning for me—about 15 years after I was almost sure that it was the end."

After his record of "I May Be Wrong," Frankie recorded a song called "That's My Desire" and his popularity actually zoomed—movie fashion.

What makes a singer, voice —or "soul"? Ask the growing public of Frankie Laine!

RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

Art Linkletter,
Guest Quizmaster
Star of CBS's
House Party
Mon. thru Fri., 3:30 P.M.
and
Star of NBC's
People Are Funny
Friday Evenings,
9:00 P.M.

1. Two successful comedy programs were started from characters created on Fibber McGee and Molly. What are they?

2. A former Radio City page boy has now hit the big time as a singer. Who is he?

3. James Melton has a world-famous collection of (a) Guns (b) Old Cars (c) Chinese Jade.

4. A quintet of singing sisters had their first audition in the street—now heard every Sunday evening. Who are they?

TRUE OR FALSE

A. Mel Torme, new singing star, is called "The Velvet Fog."

B. Beryl Davis, the singer, is the daughter of former Governor James Davis of Louisiana.

MY FAVORITE QUIZ QUESTIONS

C. Is there any animal that can run backwards?

D. What city is called: "The Bride of the Adriatic?"

ANSWERS

1. Beulah; Great Gildersleeve
2. Gordon MacRae
3. (b)
4. DeMarco Sisters

A. True

B. False

C. Yes, the pocket gopher can run backwards just about as fast as it can run forward.

D. Venice

WIN HEARTS . . . WIN LOVE . . . WITH

that Always-Fresh look

Try Ava Gardner's beauty-glow cleansing

Sun up! "Pretty early to sparkle," admits lovely Ava. "But I count on Woodbury for thorough, deep cleansing that tells my skin... 'Time to wake-up-and-glow'!"

Sundown! Ava turns on the glamour—a 1000-watt sparkle! "A romance date means a Woodbury beauty date—to cleanse and smooth. Skin looks dreamy!"

"In Seconds, your skin looks Woodbury-wonderful!" promises Ava. "First, massage on Woodbury Cold Cream—its rich oils cleanse deep to the skin, loosen grimy make-up. Tissue off. Pat on more Woodbury for smoothing—four special softening ingredients leave skin velvety. Tissue again, splash with cold water. And look!—your skin glows with that Always-Fresh look!"

Woodbury Cold Cream

with gay, new "Peek-a-boo" neckline

You'll look dainty—and *so* embraceable—in this SHEER PRINT RAYON, perfect for all occasions. It's delightfully chic—surprisingly inexpensive! The full peplum, edged with rose pattern black lace, gives your hips that new, rounded look. Exquisite figure-moulding design is accented by the delicately shirred bodice. Concealed 20" zipper, tie-back belt. And the price—a low $6.99. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17. Flower pattern in Black, Chocolate Brown, or Mediterranean Green — on White background. Order now on approval!

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Diana Stores Corporation, Dept. 326
320 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.
Rush "Sheer Delight" by return mail in color choice and size indicated below. I'll pay postman only $6.99 plus postage. If not thoroughly delighted, I may return dress in 5 days for immediate refund.

COLOR	2ND COLOR CHOICE	SIZE

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Enclose money and we'll pay postage.

Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin

The Supper Club's songstress, Jo Stafford (NBC, 7 P.M. EDT), does a Capitol job with a song from the new movie, "Casbah."

DANCING OR LISTENING

ART MOONEY (MGM)—The label says "vocal by ensemble" and that means Art's "Baby Face" is another "Four Leaf Clover." By this time, the people around MGM are shouting that Mooney, Mooney, Mooney is money, money, money. It's a good one, though, backed by "Encore, Cherie" in more legitimate fashion.

GRACIE FIELDS (London)—Gracie has a fine follow-up, too, for her big-selling "Now Is The Hour." You can decide for yourself whether you like "Au Revoir" better than "Red Sails In The Sunset." We'll take "Au Revoir."

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD (Columbia)—Although the great Jimmie is dead, Columbia has not forgotten him. The re-issue of his famous "Ain't She Sweet" with the Sy Oliver-Trummy Young vocal is a must for any collector. Backing is "I Love You."

LEO KEMPINSKI (Columbia)—Leo couples a Vienna Waltz with a polka. The waltz is the lilting "Vienna Memories" and "Carefree and Gay" is the polka. Both are clean and musicianly.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—From the movie "Casbah" comes "It Was Written In The Stars." You'll just have to admit that there are few girl vocalists who can caress a lyric in such fine fashion as Miss Stafford. It's Paul Weston's orchestra on "Stars" and "It's Monday Every Day."

BILLY WILLIAMS (RCA Victor)—Billy and the Pecos River Rogues sing a pair of western ballads that'll send you out for some ridin' breeches and a lariat. "Livin' Western Style" gets the nod over "Texas Belle."

TOMMY DORSEY (RCA Victor)—Wonder if disc jockey Dorsey plays bandleader Dorsey's records on his show? We'd gladly listen with an appreciative ear to his versions of "My Gal Is Mine Once More" and "Starlight Rendezvous."

KING COLE TRIO (Capitol)—Always partial to Cole, we particularly recommend "The Geek," an instrumental; and "I've Only Myself To Blame." This one is a special spin because Nat's musicianship is always outstanding.

MARION HUTTON (MGM)—It's "My Brooklyn Love Song" that rates the special attention. Marion does a fine job with a set of cute lyrics. "Little White Mouse," written by Terry Shand and Sonny Dunham is, as they say in Tin Pan Alley, "nowhere."

HALL SISTERS (RCA Victor)—Give a listen to the novelty, "Money, Money, Money." It could well be the start of another hit song. "Teach Me, Teach Me, Baby," on the back, runs "Money" a close second.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

NELLIE LUTCHER (Capitol)—Now that the novelty of Miss Lutcher has worn off a bit, it's time to listen a little more attentively to her barrel-house piano. Best of the set are "Lake Charles Boogie" and "There's A New Mule In Your Stall."

GREAT SCOTT! (Columbia)—In direct contrast to Nellie Lutcher, Hazel Scott plays some excellent jazz piano in the more academic fashion. Her vocals are less highly stylized but warm and well-done in her own casual way. You should like "Nightmare Blues" and "Love Me Or Leave Me." You should like it all, in fact.

FACING the MUSIC

Collector's Corner

By MIGUELITO VALDES

Latin - American favorite Miguelito Valdes and his "Music of the Americas" orchestra are featured on Musicraft Records. He has been seen in many movies, "Suspense" among them.

* * *

Before another paragraph is written on the subject of Latin - American music, it is best to remind you that I am not trying to select a list of the "ten best" records. The records about which I am writing are just good examples of Latin-American rhythms. They are the kind that make a foundation upon which to build a collection. What others go into making up your collection are purely a matter of personal selection. If you like them, then buy them. Don't be concerned with any one critic's appraisal of a record.

Early in my career as an entertainer I learned that the music that the public liked was "good" music. If the people don't like a selection, then it just can't be very "good"—in the critical sense.

Perhaps an unusual recording, for this type of music, is my first selection. It is not authentic rhythm. It is, however, an excellent record. Listen to the old Jimmy Dorsey version of "Green Eyes" with that special Toots Camarata arrangement. It's not an easy one to find these days, either. A more recent disc is that truly great Stan Kenton record "Machito." Written in honor of one of the best of the Latin-American maestri, this is a fine mating of Latin rhythms with progressive jazz.

Among the authentic rhumbas, tangos, congas, sambas and others are a group of excellent recordings by the best of my fellow orchestra leaders and musicians. I'm sure you will find it difficult to do better than collect such fine discs as Noro Morales' "Bim, Bam, Boom" on Majestic; Xavier Cugat's "Negra Leono" on Columbia; Cugie's "El Cua Cua" on Columbia, Esy Morales' "Jungle Fantasy" on Rainbow; Enric Madriguera's "Cow Bell Song" on National and Desi Arnaz' "El Cumbanchero" on RCA Victor.

A few others that you will enjoy are Cugat's "Chiu, Chiu, Chiu" and one on which I had the honor of doing a vocal with Cugie, "Bruca Manigua." Noro Morales' version of "Jack, Jack, Jack" is another one for your collection.

As for my own records, here again I must leave it to the listening and dancing public. The ones that they have shown to be their favorites were "Babalu" and "Rhumba Rhapsody." These were on the same Musicraft record, which, they tell me, was the best seller of all time among Latin-American records. Thank you for your interest in our music. Hasta la vista!

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BOURJOIS

What's New

Ten years with NBC earned Kay Kyser a big Beverly Hills Hotel party. One of Kay's first stops was at the Bob Hopes' table.

The Dick Powells (June Allyson) went over to see the George Montgomerys (Dinah Shore).

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lake (he's "Dagwood Bumstead") were there, and . . .

By DALE BANKS

INCIDENTAL information . . . . According to a recent survey, there are more radios in the United States than there are bathtubs. Guess that spikes those foreign critics of ours who used to look down on our pride in our modern conveniences.

* * *

Notice any difference in the People Are Funny format? There was a good deal of behind-the-scenes fuss about the program's similarity to the Truth or Consequences contests, until a compromise was worked out to modify the "PAF" riddle stunts.

* * *

By the time you read this Mutual will be holding a gala opening of its new three million dollar Hollywood studios. The building which will be ready for operations on May 22nd, will be the source of all AM, FM, and television broadcasting by Mutual from the cinema city.

* * *

Credit this to wartime inventions—radio people in Hollywood predict that by the end of this year recordings as we have known them in the past will be gone from the radio scene. Everything will be transcribed on tape, they believe.

* * *

Penny Singleton came up with a bit of advice garnered from personal experience. "If you haven't heard from some relatives in years and want to locate them," Penny says, "just rent a seashore cottage for the summer."

* * *

We hope Alan Young is through having physical ailments for awhile, he's been downed so much this year. Besides, we hear he's got a special interest in staying well. He's already been invited to attend a reception by American Navy "brass" for officers of the Canadian fleet when it visits Los Angeles in July. Wouldn't want Alan to miss that.

* * *

Word comes to us that since March the Grand Ole Opry program has been used as a radio diplomat. The State Department has been using off-the-air transcriptions of the show for broadcasting overseas as part of the government's aim to portray, to the peoples of other countries, a full and fair picture of American life, culture and customs. Some of us hope that there are a few other programs being beamed overseas, too, because Grand Ole Opry, nice as it is, is not what we'd consider the most typical picture of American life.

* * *

That five-and-a-half-year-old Robin Morgan, who

FROM COAST to COAST

June Allyson, Edgar Bergen and Mrs. Bergen paused for a bit of gossip.

. . . so were Bob and Penny Singleton Sparks (she's "Blondie Bumstead").

Jerry Colonna stopped to swap gags with Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Ralph Edwards and his pretty wife were greeting friends right up to coffee-time.

gives with her opinions so smartly on the Juvenile Jury show, is quite a girl. The kid is studying dancing, too, and has appeared with the Ballet Russe several times, which is something that takes a good deal of talent and training.

* * *

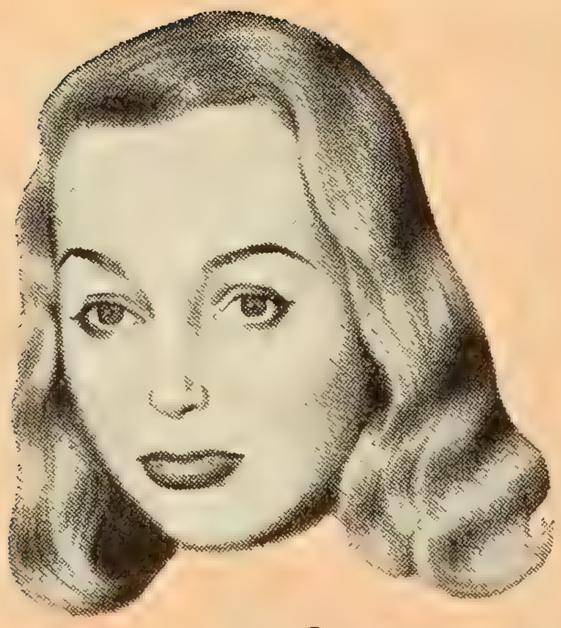
We don't go much for gags, but this one seems like such a commentary on our attitude toward the institution of marriage that we're passing it along. Radio actor John Brown says he was on his way to the studio, sitting up front in a bus, when a woman mounted the step of the bus, carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre.

"Careful, lady," Brown found himself saying, "or you're likely to put out the eye of the man behind you." The woman glared at Brown and then snapped at him, "He's my husband!"

Brown says he's going to mind his own business from now on.

* * *

Frances Scott, radio and television m.c., isn't going to forget the last war for a long time. Frances has a handbag decorated with several hundred metal insignia. They were given to her by as many servicemen during her years of entertaining at the Stage Door Canteen and veterans' and (*Continued on page* 19)



Jane's hair is CLEAN

but Ann's hair is COLORFUL

She added COLOR to her hair with...

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Remember—to get the real "Colorinse" insist on genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

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HAVE THE WHOLE FAMILY use Nestle Creme Shampoo—the wonderful, new lanolin creme shampoo in a tube. They'll love it. 10¢, 25¢, 59¢ at all toilet goods counters.

The Romantic Touch

Mrs. Paul Lavalle, who sang as Muriel Angelus, has strong views on wifehood.

By Mary Jane Fulton

MURIEL ANGELUS has given up her stage, screen, and radio career to be full-time wife to Paul Lavalle, conductor of NBC's Cities Service Program, and mother to their eight-months-old daughter, Suzanne. It's the role she loves best.

One important way to fill it, she believes, is to keep looking as lovely, always, as she was when Paul married her. Paul declares that she's even more beautiful—a compliment for any wife to cherish, and Muriel does.

It takes planning to find time in her busy day to care for her appearance. But she'd rather neglect some minor household chore than to have Paul come home and find her not looking pretty enough to kiss. Even though she's fortunate in having a maid, there's still plenty for her to do. So she appreciates how easy it is for wives to become careless about their looks. Muriel suspects that may be why many complain of their husbands taking them too much for granted. She hopes Paul never feels that way toward her.

So, when evening approaches she leaves unfinished what can just as well be done on the morrow. She relaxes in a scented tub bath, and before dressing for Paul's homecoming, applies an underarm deodorant and perspiration check. Weekly, her hair is shampooed and her nails manicured. She thinks the use of hand lotion or cream before doing dirty tasks, or immersing them in water, protects her hands. Used after each hand washing, the lotion or cream soothes, softens, and whitens them.

After two years of marriage, Muriel is thoroughly convinced that a wife should never make her husband feel that he cannot relax completely in his own home. Many brides, she thinks, are apt to be overly anxious to keep every-

thing so neatly in order that they get after (she won't say "nag") their mates for throwing newspapers and magazines on the floor. What does it really matter if they do? She thinks it's better to save wifely complaints for more important things, and thus not create feelings of resentment which might flare up into an unhappy lovers' quarrel. Paul tries to be as considerate as possible. She knows this, and appreciates it.

Of course, neither of them would think of slopping around the house in *dirty* old clothes. When wearing old clothes, or lounging robes for leisure hours, they're *clean* enough to appear in should there be an unexpected caller. So there's no frantic scurrying in the Lavalle menage to disappear for a quick change, while the friend waits and wonders if his visit is welcome.

She and Paul watch out that they're not *too* much at home with each other. He shaves, even though he's not going out. She wouldn't think of not brushing and combing her hair whenever it becomes disarranged, any more than she would think of neglecting to wash her face and brush her teeth the first thing upon getting up in the morning. These are little, but very important, grooming habits which make living together compatible.

Sometimes Paul telephones her at the last minute to tell her he'll be home late for dinner, or that he can't get home for dinner at all. It's a disappointment that wives find hard to take. But Muriel knows he's as sorry as she is that they cannot dine together. They both look forward to it as the high spot of their busy day. And unless there's a particularly worrisome problem that can't wait to be discussed, they try to keep the dinner table conversation in a happy vein. Naturally, baby Suzanne is foremost in their thoughts, and her day-by-day development must be shared.

So, instead of becoming upset, she understands that it is only because of business that Paul must call with the disappointing news.

When he thinks of her during the day, as he vows he *often* does, she wants him to vision her in his mind as having looked pretty across the breakfast table from him. As he goes to his offices in Rockefeller Center, from which he conducts his business of being a top-flight musical conductor, Paul says that because of the send-off Muriel gives him, he's in a better mood to tackle the day's problems than he would be if he'd breakfasted alone.

While taking her marriage vows, Muriel paid special attention to the part which says, "To have and to hold, from this day forward." She decided she could best *hold* Paul by being the wife he'd forever admire.

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End perspiration troubles with this miracle deodorant!

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Ruth Behringer, Violinist

She left the Pittsburgh Symphony to join KDKA in 1945.

Ruth's the only girl member of the Armstrong orchestra, gets teased about it.

THE best method of achieving success in anything you attempt is to start early and keep at it—that's the advice of Ruth Behringer, the only girl member of Bernie Armstrong's staff orchestra at Westinghouse Station KDKA.

The young Pittsburgh violinist, who is enjoying wide success in the professional field of music, began violin study at the age of seven, doing the greater part of her training with Ralph Lewando, outstanding Pittsburgh teacher, critic and lecturer.

Graduated at Schenley High School, she attended Carnegie Institute of Technology and Duquesne University. Miss Behringer earned a Bachelor of Science degree in public school music at Duquesne in 1943. She also took special courses in psychology at the University of Pittsburgh and attended summer sessions at Juilliard Graduate School where she studied violin with Louis Persinger and chamber music under the guidance of Hanz Letz. She also studied with Theodore Pashkus.

Miss Behringer's first public appearances were with the Pittsburgh All-City Orchestra, and as soloist and concertmaster of the Pennsylvania All-State Orchestra during her high school days.

She began her professional career in 1939 when Dr. Fritz Reiner engaged her as violinist with the Pittsburgh Symphony. She was a member of the symphony for six years, and during this time she also played two summers with the Columbia S. C. Symphony led by Edwin MacArthur. She resigned from the Pittsburgh Symphony in 1945 to become a member of KDKA's staff orchestra.

Miss Behringer has had a wide experience as a performer and instructor. She was a member of the Westinghouse Musical Americana orchestra, led by Raymond Paige; a member of the Nixon Theater orchestra for a number of musicals and was associated with Victor Saudek's "Pop" orchestra during its summer concerts in Pittsburgh. Miss Behringer's teaching chores were with Perry High School, where she taught voice, and various Pittsburgh public schools, where she taught violin. She also gave individual instruction at Irene Kaufmann Settlement Music School and Kingsley House.

Though she still devotes hours each day to study and practice, most of Miss Behringer's activities center around her work at KDKA. She is featured on such outstanding broadcasts as Tap Time, Duquesne Show, Singing Strings, Brunch With Bill and many others.

She is better known, however, for her work on Brunch With Bill, noontime comedy show which features audience interviews. Miss Behringer has taken part in the broadcasts as an actress as well as a violinist. Known as the "Sweetheart of Brunch," she has been feted at birthday parties on the show and in special scripts.

Her leisure interests are listening to recordings, making her own transcriptions, reading and photography.

She lives in Pittsburgh with her mother, Mrs. Carrie Behringer.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 15)

service hospitals. And Frances hopes she won't be given an opportunity to collect any more—in the same way.

* * *

Comes this June month, chances are that Information Please will bite the dust. Understand that Dan Golenpaul, who originated the idea and owns the show, has slapped a half-million dollar suit on Mutual, alleging that the network mishandled the program.

* * *

On the opposite end of the scale comes the information that Myrtle Vail has signed a seven year contract, calling for 2,025 more scripts of the Myrt and Marge series, which seems to us to have been running forever already. Well, good luck to the enterprise.

* * *

We hear that General Foods is thinking of scrapping The Aldrich Family when its present contract expires. Plans are to substitute four low budget shows for the "Aldriches" show and the Fanny Brice stanza. If you can't get along without hearing that opening, "He-e-e-nry!", you'd better start penning your letters, now. Could be if enough of you want 'em you can have 'em.

* * *

Radio's Fat Man series has passed the preliminary discussion stage and now looks more than likely as a future film production at a major studio.

* * *

Bill Lawrence, CBS director of the Screen Guild Players programs, is one director who believes in trusting his actors. He doesn't give his actors those "waved" cues while they're on the air. Cues are all set during rehearsals and then the cast is left on its own during the broadcast. Lawrence says it makes for better performances by eliminating distractions.

* * *

SUMMER rumors: Jean Hersholt will bow out of the "Dr. Christian" series for six weeks this summer. He'll go to Denmark to accept a knighthood . . . Nelson Eddy will probably be the summer replacement on the Music Hall . . . Another show being offered around to fill in those summer blanks is Really Livin', starring Susan Peters and her husband, Richard Quine . . . Edgar Bergen may pack up Charlie and Mortimer for a summer of personal appearances in Sweden . . . And listen for Alec Templeton as summer replacement for a leading network commercial.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Columbia Pictures due to screen a series of shorts based on Candid Microphone . . . Arthur Lake's next picture will have a skiing background . . . We hear Morton Downey may switch from Mutual to NBC . . . Bob Garred, CBS newscaster, about set to do the narration on several shorts for a movie independent . . . Vox Pop loses its sponsor when the current contract ends . . . The Don Ameche-Frank Morgan stanza due to fold at the end of the year . . . Point Sublime will probably be made into a film series . . . Barbara Eiler, radio actress has been getting movie bids.

How, oh how, can a young girl tell...

the different finer silverplate?

She looks for these

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Just look what this really means:

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So of *course* more women buy Holmes & Edwards than ever before . . . wouldn't you?

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STERLING INLAID°
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HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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HOW MUCH? Surprise! Unlike so many other things price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores.

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INFORMATION

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MILO

ALLEN LA FEVER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know the name and age of the young man and the weight of the calf he lifted on the County Fair program about two years ago; also, the amount of money he realized from this. I am a listener of this program and have made a bet on the calf's weight at the time it was last lifted.

Mrs. J. C.

Philadelphia, Pa.

It was in October, 1945, that Allen La Fever, then seventeen, began his attempt to emulate the Greek athlete Milo, who, about 520 B. C., lifted a calf each day until it became a cow. Allen's Phoebe then weighed a petite 75 pounds. On each succeeding Saturday Allen lifted Phoebe before the County Fair studio audience and, upon his accomplishment, was awarded a sum of money. Finally, on April 27, 1946, he regretfully called it quits when Phoebe topped 360 pounds. By this time he had amassed $4,700. Does this settle your bet?

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL?

ALICE REINHEART

Dear Editor:
Please tell me what happened to Stephen on Life Can Be Beautiful on NBC. Did he really die? Also, I would like to know who plays Phil Crawford in the same serial.

Mr. E. L. D.

Norfolk, Va.

Yes, Stephen, played by John Holbrook, is dead. He succumbed to a heart attack caused by the death of his and Chichi's baby. Chichi is portrayed by Alice Reinheart, and here she is. Phil is played by Bud Collyer, who, incidentally, also undertakes the title role in Mutual's Superman.

STILL OFF THE AIR

ALMA KRUGER

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who played the role of Aunt Emily on the radio program Those We Love starring Donald Woods and Nan Grey. Your answer will settle a friendly discussion about the program. Will it be on the air again?

Miss M. H.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This role was played by that veteran of the acting world, Alma Kruger, who has been busy in motion pictures. You saw her in Our Hearts Were Young and Gay as well as in the popular Dr. Kildare pictures. Those We Love is still off the air.

MEMORY EXPERT

CHUCK ACREE

Dear Editor:
Please, please give us a picture of the man with the most fascinating voice on the air, the man who emcees Hint Hunt on the air daily over CBS. He is also on Saturday evenings for the Full O Pep program. I have never seen his name in print so will spell it as it sounds when pronounced—Chuck Acrees.

Mrs. H. F. G.

Toledo, Ohio

Chuck Acree (omit the "s"), is a memory expert, too. He can read back fifty-two cards after one look at them. Occasionally, for a Hint Hunt audience he does the same stunt with household articles listed by the women in the studio.

FAVORITE ACTOR

MATT CROWLEY

Dear Editor:
Some friends and I have chosen Matthew Crowley our favorite radio actor and we would like to see what he looks like. Also, we're interested in the boy who plays Robin on the Superman program. What's his name?

Miss N. F. C.

Bristol, R. I.

Here's your choice—Matt Crowley, whom you knew as John in John's Other Wife and, until recently, Dr. James Brent in Road of Life. Ronny Liss is the lad who plays Robin in Superman.

THE DIXIELANDER

JANETTE DAVIS

I would like to know where Janette Davis comes from. I enjoy her singing on CBS's Arthur Godfrey Show.

Mrs. J. E.

Everett, Wash.

This lovely songstress was born in Memphis, Tennessee. Before starring on the networks, she had her own show on a Shreveport, La., station. Besides her stint on the Arthur Godfrey Show, she has a

??????BOOTH

tuneful fifteen-minute program of her own Sunday afternoons on the CBS network.

WHEN AND WHERE

ALAN LADD

Dear Editor:
I hear a lot about Alan Ladd's Box 13 over the air. Please give me some information on where and when he comes on.
Miss B. J. M.
Hilton Village, Pa.

As this is a transcribed show, not all stations carry it. However, if you are able to reach WOR in the New York area, tune in Wednesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. Those who live in other sections of the country should check with their local stations.

FROM MODELING TO RADIO

ANNE BURR

Dear Editor:
I listen to all the daytime serials and keep a scrapbook of the pictures of each program. Would you please tell me who plays Regina Rawlings on Backstage Wife? And does she also play the part of Ann Dunn on When a Girl Marries?
Mrs. L. O. L.
New Orleans, La.

Not only does winsome Anne Burr play these two roles but she also portrays the siren Nona Marsh in Wendy Warren and the News heard on the CBS network. Miss Burr, an alumna of Sweetbriar College, Va., did some modeling for Powers before venturing into the theatrical world. She received her first big break when Orson Welles cast her for the Mary Dalton role in the stage version of Richard Wright's "Native Son" in 1941. You hear Anne often in CBS's Studio One.

THE DETERMINED D. A.

GARY MERRILL

Dear Editor:
I am very much interested in a program called Right to Happiness. I would like to know about the actor who portrays the role of Miles Nelson, the District Attorney. I believe his name is Gary Merrill. I really don't think anyone can act or talk that part as well as he.
Mrs. A. P. A.
Peoria, Illinois.

Many, many other radio listeners agree with you in your opinion of Gary Merrill. Gary, born and educated in Hartford, Conn., made his first amateur appearance in a school play at twelve. Broadway stage appearances have included "Brother Rat," "This is the Army," "Winged Victory," and the current hit, "Born Yesterday."

this bobby pin is different

holds your hair in place

144% BETTER

Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins! A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to *hold better*. Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open.
Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!

Gayla* SUPERGRIP

"GAYLA" MEANS THE BEST IN BOBBY PINS, HAIR PINS, CURLERS

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Wide Awake IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

The Newman family—Elmer, Julie, Sophie and Pete—supplemented by accordionist Monty Rosci and Peewee Miller. That's the Sleepy Hollow Gang and one of the best-known hillbilly and western acts in all of show business.

SINCE 1944, The Sleepy Hollow Gang has been starred in its own half-hour daily series of radio programs on station WFIL, Philadelphia. In that same year, members of the group joined the original cast of Hayloft Hoedown, the rousing barn dance show broadcast every Saturday night over WFIL and the coast-to-coast American Broadcasting Company network. Their recordings for Majestic Records have been among the best sellers in the hillbilly-western line, and the group recently signed with RCA Victor to make more music for the turntables as soon as the current ban on recordings is lifted. Both "Uncle" Elmer Newman and his brother, Pancake Pete, are widely known composers in the folk music field. And just to keep their hands in during any spare hours that might pop up, the Newmans operate the $180,000 Sleepy Hollow Ranch near Quakertown, Pa., where, since the ranch was opened in 1940, thousands of fans have gathered each weekend.

It was that year of general calamity, 1929, that saw the earliest beginnings of the highly successful Sleepy Hollow enterprises. Elmer and Pete Newman launched their radio career in Des Moines, Iowa. Elmer, older of the two boys, served as leader, singing and playing the fiddle. Pete, lanky, dark and good-looking, rounded out the two-man act, playing the guitar, bass and banjo and singing western songs in the approved manner.

Two years later, the Newmans moved to Minneapolis; in 1933 they broadcast in Yankton, South Dakota, where they originated 13 half-hour shows daily—no small chore even for two such willing workers; they returned to Minneapolis for two years; and then moved again, this time eastward to Philadelphia, where they organized The Sleepy Hollow Ranch Gang in 1936.

Their partners in this first expansion were the Murray Sisters, Sophie and Julie, who had become star attractions on radio barn dance bills in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Chicago and Shenandoah, Iowa. In 1936, the Newmans called the Murrays east to help get The Gang started. In 1937, the Newman boys popped the question; the Murray girls were agreeable and Julie became "Mrs. Elmer" and Sophie, "Mrs. Pete." Just to keep things even, each of the couples has two children, the Elmer Newmans two boys, Danny and Charley, aged ten and eight, and the Pete Newmans a boy, Kenny, ten, and a girl, Mary Eva, eight. All of the Newmans live on the Quakertown ranch, commuting the forty-odd miles to the broadcasting station each day. With an eye toward the future, Pete has become a licensed airplane pilot; he hopes the day will come soon when the Newmans will be able to abandon those winding Pennsylvania roads and fly to Philadelphia for their daily WFIL series.

That day may not be far off. Meantime, the four Newmans, with handsome, dimple cheeked Pee Wee Miller, Canadian-born entertainer, and Monty Rosci, veteran of four years with the Army's armored forces, are making "air" names for themselves in another way.

M.C. of Ladies Be Seated heard Monday through Friday at 3 P. M. EDT, on ABC

Tom Moore

MEN WHO complain loudly about "women," meaning their wives or daughters, should have Tom Moore's job for just one day. As m. c. of ABC's Ladies Be Seated (Mondays through Fridays at 3 P.M., EDT), Tom has between five and six hundred women on his mind every weekday. But keeping so many women entertained bothers Tom not a whit. He's a thoroughly uninhibited comic with a passion for a suit made of Toni Pink —a strong, sharp pink with a touch of blue in it, which is the color used in packaging his sponsor's products.

His early start in the entertainment world was quite natural, since his parents both earned their livings on the stage. It was with them that Tom made his first bow from behind the footlights. This was three years after he'd been born—in August, 1912.

During the years that followed, he led a life as colorful as a plaid shirt. In addition to touring the country in the legitimate drama, he traveled with a number of name bands as a vocalist, appeared in minstrel shows, did bits in the Mississippi showboat melodramas.

It was with a medicine show that he nearly lost his life. While playing Hamlet in the wilds of West Virginia a brawl developed. Somebody "Hey Rubed," and soon all of the show was involved in a free for all. Tom Moore was in there, for awhile. His head stopped a tent stake and he was unconscious for 57 hours.

It was a whole series of events similar to that which gave Tom the idea that radio was a safer and saner method of earning a living. He hied himself to Tuscola, Illinois, and got himself a job as announcer-singer-writer—and janitor—with a station there. After four months with the small station, just long enough to pick up the secrets of the game, he went to Chicago to tackle the networks.

"Deciding to get into radio was the luckiest decision I ever made," he says. "My luck has continued ever since. So frequently I've been at the right place at the right time, I just plain admit I'm lucky." Which was, more or less, the way he landed his Ladies Be Seated assignment, being in the right place to attend a competitive audition and win it, when Johnny Olsen decided to leave the show to go to New York.

He met Bernice Wood at the tender age of twelve and proposed marriage to her on the spot. She consented seven years later. Now, married almost fourteen years, they have one son, Tom, Jr., eight and a half years old.

"I dress for dancing...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. **"HERE'S HOW** I manage desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a basic dress to the office—with the simplest of simple accessories. And, of course, I rely on new Odorono Cream to keep my dress free of perspiration stains and odor." *One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours.*

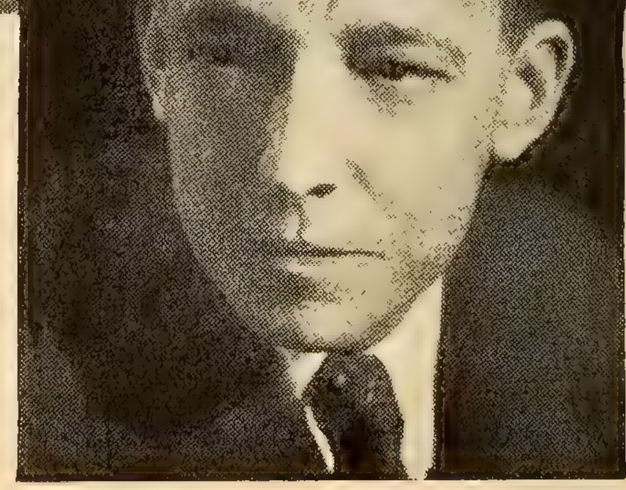
And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono *stays* in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).

2. **"WHEN DATE TIME COMES,** I 'dress up' my basic dress with a circular organdy overskirt. Add jewelry for glitter, gloves and flowers for glamour. And I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream." *Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.*

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

Charles Siverson DIRECTOR AND CONDUCTOR



A fragment of Rochester's Little Symphony Orchestra, with our regrets to those members whose pictures would not fit on the page; and a nearer view of Charles Siverson, who has made a distinguished unit of these artists.

THIRTY-TWO of Rochester's most distinguished musicians make up the Little Symphony with Charles Siverson, conductor. The music presented is high above the standards usually accepted for locally originated programs. Instead of featuring entertainment of the ordinary category, the Little Symphony presents the immortal works of the Masters with special emphasis on the classicists of the 17th and 18th centuries and the modernists of the 20th century.

Solo "desks" are handled by first chairmen of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Soloists used are well-known in the concert world such as Jacques Gordon, Rene LeRoy, Luigi Silva and many others, but the brilliant success of the yearly concert series, is due to the artistry of the program's conductor, Charles Siverson. The career of Charles Siverson in the world of radio reads like a fairy tale.

Born in Buffalo, he studied music at the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester. Even as a student his ability was recognized and rewarded in the form of seven scholarships. In preparing for the position of musical conductor, he learned to play all instruments in the string, woodwind and brass sections of the symphony orchestra. While still attending the Eastman School, he directed the University Band and was student conductor of the Eastman School Little Symphony Orchestra.

Having completed his musical education, Mr. Siverson joined the staff of Station WHAM as a music arranger. One year after joining WHAM's staff his title was altered to read "Musical Director and Conductor." In 1936, six years after joining the staff, he became Program Director . . . a job he retains to this day.

Conducting is his avocation. At present he conducts only the McCurdy Little Symphony, the major portion of his time being devoted to guiding the program destinies of Rochester's 50,000-watt Clear Channel Station.

One of the interesting little tricks that the Maestro has developed as a concert conductor is the neat ability to completely memorize an entire program's music score. The ability was really a product of foresight and necessity. It seems Siverson was conducting one night in an auditorium where the house lights were lowered. During the course of the program the lamp on his conductor's stand became erratic in operation and as a result there was light only during fleeting portions of the program. The score was a familiar one, therefore no serious consequences resulted, but from that time on all programs were memorized.

On the air one can't afford to take chances.

"Here's the Lipstick that has Everything!"

EVELYN KEYES
in Columbia's
"THE MATING OF MILLIE"

PHOTO BY COBURN

3 Shades for Your Type

Three exciting Reds to flatter you... a shade for every costume change.

Smoother Texture

New superfine texture makes lips look softer, more alluring.

Longer Lasting

The color stays on-and-on...until you take it off.

Does not dry the Lips

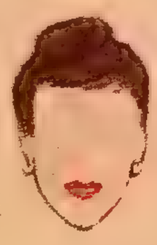
New exclusive formula keeps lips moist, glamorous, lovely.

YES...a lipstick that has everything!.. features until now only dreamed of, created for you by the genius of *Max Factor Hollywood.* Try it today...you'll see and feel the thrilling difference.

SELECT THE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE...*correct for your coloring...correct for your costume*

BLONDES
CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1

BRUNETTES
CLEAR RED No. 3
BLUE RED No. 3
ROSE RED No. 3



BROWNETTES
CLEAR RED No. 2
BLUE RED No. 2
ROSE RED No. 2

REDHEADS
CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1

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PAN-CAKE BRAND
MAKE-UP • POWDER
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STAR GAZING ...for "Lustre-Creme" Dream Girls Only

BETWEEN DANCES you seek the beauty of the starry night. But the touch of his cheek against your lovely tresses is part of the magic that holds him enchanted.

NO NEED to "wish upon a star" for clean, fragrant, lovely, heart-winning hair. You *have* it, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And that's confirmed when *he* murmurs:—"Dream Girl, can we tell them we're engaged?"

MANY A BRIDE is indebted to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for its magical way with hair. *Not* a soap, *not* a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty, new, rich-lathering *cream* shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius, Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair and leave it with three-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl . . . a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl.

For Soft, Glamorous "Dream-Girl" Hair

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters.

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR . . . you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

The Fitzgeralds

Monday-Saturday, 8:15-8:45 A. M. EDT, on WJZ-ABC.

IF Ed Fitzgerald sounds easy and informal and informed on those early morning broadcasts of The Fitzgeralds, it's because he is. He was born in Troy, New York, somewhere around the turn of the century, became stage struck when he was nine. In the succeeding years Ed grew up into Shakespearean roles, later going to England to act.

Ed was sixteen when World War I began. He was in London, then, appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and very successfully. But the drums and parades got awfully loud in his head and he enlisted in the Royal Air Force. He was wounded at Agincourt and remained in hospitals for some time.

After he was demobilized at the end of the war, Fitzgerald returned to the United States. Somehow, he found the glamor had gone out of show business and nothing else seemed to hold much fascination, either. He wandered through a lot of jobs. Then he turned to newspaper reporting, which kept him busy for about ten years, but not on any one paper for very long.

After meeting and marrying Pegeen, he stuck to reporting for a couple of years, then went to the Orient as a correspondent for the North China *Daily News*, a Shanghai English language newspaper. In 1932 he returned to the United States, worked for awhile as a publicity man for a movie studio, then accepted a radio job with a local San Francisco station. He became m.c. on a variety show called Feminine Fancies, which kept him busy for three years.

Pegeen and Ed breakfast in public.

Dinner—sometimes—is just for two.

A windfall for the Fitzgeralds, in the form of a salable Ford won in a raffle and a big money prize won by Pegeen for a Kayser stocking ad idea, made it possible for them to pull up roots and head for New York. Ed landed a job with WOR, doing very much the same kind of program as he had in San Francisco.

Then Pegeen won the thing she had been plugging for for quite some time, a domestic drama program with her husband. Thus started a show which was to pave the way for any number of imitators. Eventually, Ed and Pegeen found they had to buy and own their own show to keep it exactly as they wanted it to be. In 1945 they shifted from WOR to WJZ and it is estimated that they now have about two million listeners daily.

They make no preparations for their program, except for glancing through the papers and opening their mail. All the script they use is a list of their sponsors, some fifteen usually, which they mention easily, at random and, often, kiddingly. They're scrupulous about never recommending anything unless they have a first hand knowledge of their subject.

The feminine half of the Fitzgeralds was born Margaret Worrall in Norcatur, Kansas, in 1910.

In her early teens, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, and by the time she was fifteen, Margaret was graduated from high school at the head of her class. For about two years, she attended the College of St. Theresa in Winona, Minnesota. She worked as a bookkeeper in a Portland department store for a few months, and then shifted to the advertising department. It was through a press agent that Pegeen met Ed.

When the Fitzgeralds came east in 1935, Pegeen went to work in the advertising department of McCreery's in New York. She became advertising manager for the department store, but after holding the job some years she began to get a hankering for radio—like Ed. In 1940, she left the store to begin Here's Looking At You, her own bi-weekly broadcast from the World's Fair for WOR. Then she got her own show, Pegeen Prefers on which she dealt with subjects dear to women.

Tall, silver blonde, with green eyes and freckles, Pegeen's a busy girl, for she and Ed see all the plays and movies they talk about and read all the books they review.

One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

Your hair will look naturally curly the very first time you try Toni. For Toni Home Permanent gives the hair body as well as curl . . . makes it easy to style . . . easy to manage. But before you try Toni, you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Can I do it myself?
Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Is there a "frizzy-stage" with TONI?
Your Toni will be frizz-free right from the start. For Toni Creme Waving Lotion gently coaxes your hair into luxurious curls . . . leaves it soft as silk, with no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness, even on the first day.

How long will my TONI wave last?
Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?
With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best . . . from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI save me time?
Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Which twin has the TONI?
Pictured above are the Dublin twins of New York City. Frances, the twin at the right has the Toni. She says, "My Toni-savings paid for a darling new hat. Now Lucille calls me the smarter half."

You Can say "Yes" to Romance

Because Veto says "No" to Offending

Veto says "no"—

to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says "no"—

to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! *So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!*

TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

THE BIG VOICES

RADIO'S biggest voices—the major networks—are engaged at the present time in fighting for a right denied them but granted to every other medium of general information, such as newspapers and magazines. It is the right to make those big voices heard in opinion as well as fact—the right to "editorialize."

What does that mean, to editorialize? It means precisely the sort of thing which RADIO MIRROR, without violating any law or code, is doing right here on this page: stating a fact, then giving the people interested in that fact the considered opinion of the editors of the magazine—opinion in which the readers are interested or they would not buy the magazine in the first place, just as radio listeners are interested in opinions on the stations they tune in, or they would not be listening.

This is an editorial. It freely expresses an opinion about a fact, just as the editorial page of your daily newspaper does. The fact is that for the past seven years radio has been forbidden the right to express its views on the facts it gives its listeners. RADIO MIRROR'S editorial opinion is that that right should be restored so that radio may bring again to listeners the carefully considered, well-informed opinions of the experts whom radio hires to sift and weigh the facts put before the listening public.

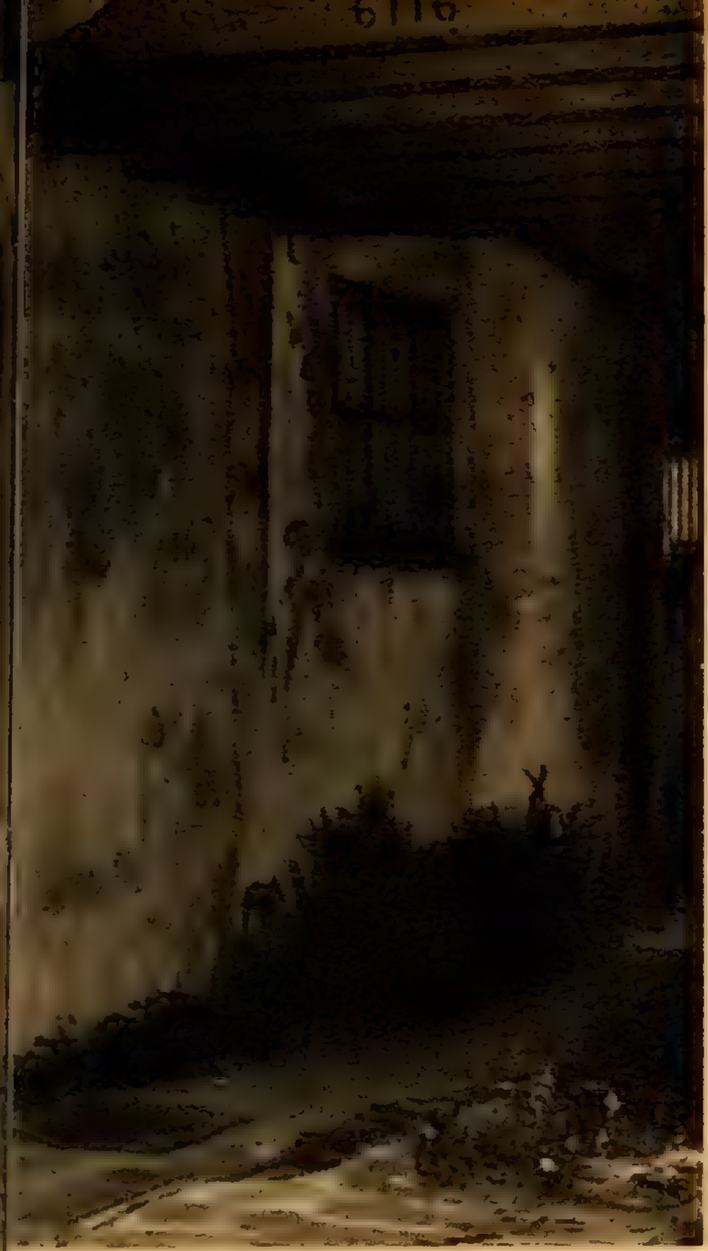
One of the objections raised to the restoration of this right is that radio editorializing might exert an influence not in the public interest, and that it is for the public interest that radio is licensed by the Federal Communications Commission. But the same things that keep magazine and newspaper editorial opinions within certain limits should and must limit opinions heard on the air —such things as good taste, fairness, viewing any given question from all sides rather than from only one (possibly biased) side. RADIO MIRROR is glad to be able to offer this editorial opinion: We hope that the voices of radio win back the right to express opinions honestly believed to be of service and entirely bounded by public interest (which can be loosely defined as the greatest good for the greatest number) as freely and as easily as do—

The Editors

There's only one IRMA

There was once an actress named Marie Wilson.

where she



Marie's house, so small it's almost a miniature, has a twin across the driveway: the house belonging to her mother.

BY SARA HAMILTON

The weakness for miniatures, again, in Marie's collection of pixie-size dishes.

Now it's hard to tell leaves off and Our Friend Irma begins

MARIE WILSON was talking about her Irma role in the radio serial, My Friend Irma. "They needed a real nice girl who was dumb so they thought of me right away," she said. "Why, Mr. Cy Howard, who writes the show, told me he never once thought of anyone else for the part."

Marie's baby-doll face retained its God-Bless-Everybody expression without one betraying sign of annoyance at the dubious compliment. Rather she assumed a pardon-me-for-bragging attitude, for dumb, nice girls are Marie's stock in trade, and to be so immediately thought of as Irma was to her a testimony to her talent.

She should know how to play them. For over a decade she's been movies' favorite "Queen of the Stupes," for five years the dumb girl friend in Ken Murray's stage show "The Blackouts," and for almost a year has dumbed it over the air as Irma. In that time not one brief thought against being type-cast has entered her spectacularly curled, spectacularly blonde head. And why should it—with money in the bank and no noticeable decline in the dumb blonde demand?

Besides, Marie is smart enough to know that as a not too bright cutie she can freely express herself in clothes, in friends, in situations. Speaking of her friends, a producer said to her, "Marie, as a stage and radio star you should be seen with big name people and important stars. Electricians and stagehands are (*Continued on page* 93)

Irma's boss would call this an unequal battle. Marie usually prints, anyway.

Marie Wilson is heard as My Friend Irma, Monday nights at 10 EDT, on CBS.

Come and Visit

The Jordans brought an old dream up to date . . . and now, at last, they're really "at home"

By PAULINE SWANSON

"HAVEN'T had this much fun since we left Peoria!"

Jim and Marian Jordan, settling down for keeps at last in their new home in the Encino, California, foothills, sum it up this way.

They had been trapped, as they saw it, in sumptuous "decorator's dream" houses ever since their characterizations of Fibber McGee and Molly boosted them into the snooty brackets. And they have yearned for years for a real home, a house that fit like an old shoe fits, without too much wear and tear on the disposition.

And now they have it.

It took eight months of rugged life in a trailer to get it—eight months during which Jim says they waded around in topsoil and fertilizer up to their knees—but the job is done now, and they agree that it was worth it.

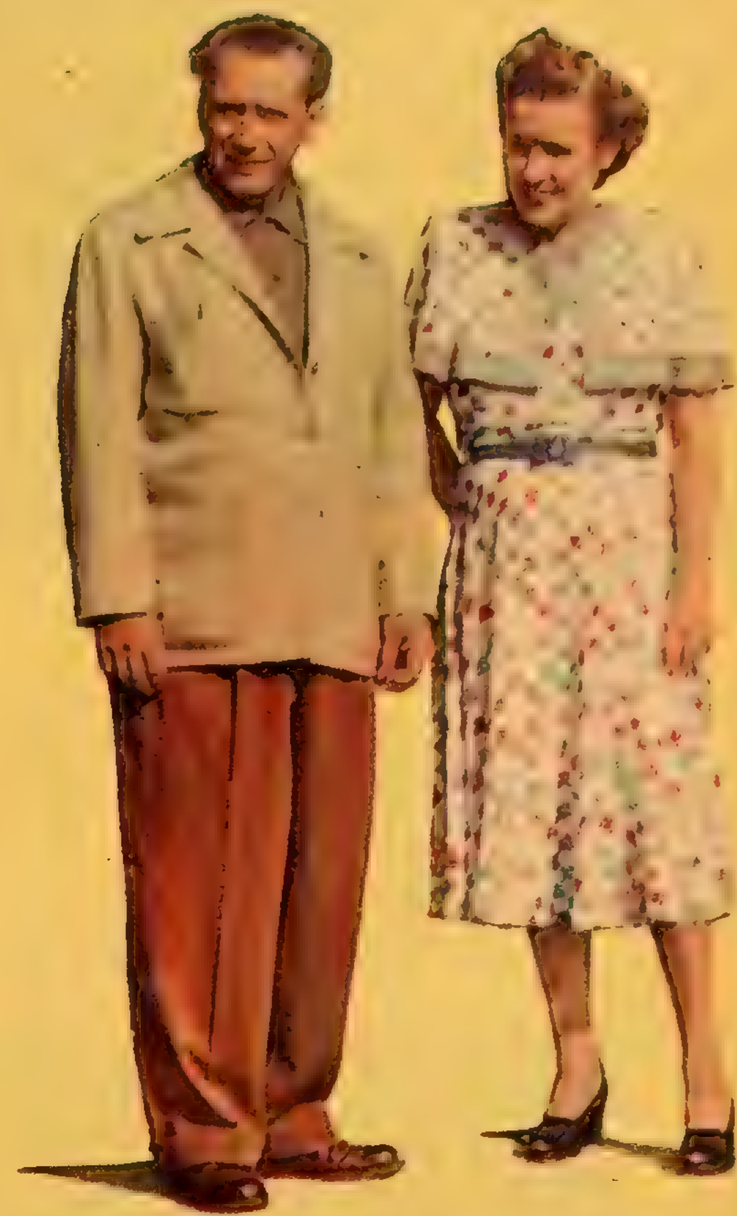
The new house—and it isn't really a new house at all, but a modern and expanded version of a simple little clapboard bungalow Jim bought a couple of years ago because it was located next door (or a mile as the crow flies) to his commercial nursery and greenhouses—

The house began as a bungalow, but Fibber

"We wanted a house that would fit like an old shoe. Now that we've got it, we figure we haven't had so much fun since we left Peoria!"

FIBBER McGEE *and* MOLLY

and Molly knew just how they wanted it to grow.



No decorator touched the place. It's pure McGee Informal, except for the handsome early Americana in sunroom and dining room.

Come and Visit FIBBER McGEE *and* MOLLY

Collectors, both: Jim acquires woodworking tools, Marian the exquisite Dresden and Meissen pieces displayed on the mirrored shelves she got for Christmas.

From the flagstone patio, the Jordans and son Jimmy have a breathtaking view of a hundred miles of valley, edged by the purple Sierra Madre Mountains.

was in its original state not unlike the first home they ever owned, a four-room frame shoe-box in Peoria. But the view was breathtaking, and the chance to make the little house into the home of their dreams was full of challenge. The resulting house is still modest, by Encino standards, but it has everything the Jordans want in a house and nothing that they don't.

No decorator was allowed within a mile of the place. Marian knew what she wanted. And as for the landscape gardening, Jim himself designed and supervised the entire project. No one can call the two-time Mayor of Encino, a nurseryman himself, a city slicker.

"Laid it out on paper first," Jim explains, "and then brought in the stuff."

"And such showing off," his wife comments, but with tongue in cheek because the results are breathtaking and she admits it. She joshes Jim, but cheerfully—in thirty years of a happy marriage to one man a thing like that can get to be a habit.

"John Bunyan he thought he was, moving trees out, moving trees in as though they were toothpicks."

Only one of the trees on the place when they bought it—a giant rubber tree—fits Jim's mental picture of what "the Jordan place" should be. So fourteen arboreal intruders were removed to make room for the silver birch, evergreen elms, jacaranda, and—this one *was* showing off—a massive live oak that Jim wanted.

"This summer," Marian says, "he's going to dig

Jim's car port shelters three cars, and is the envy of the neighborhood. It's bordered by terraces, richly flowering; all the landscaping was done by Jim.

up the citrus orchard." She's not joshing about this. He really is.

This opportunity to plant and transplant to his heart's content was one of the charms of the new place to Jim. He bought the neighboring nurseries as a business investment, but one blue ribbon for his cinerarias at the county fair and he began to look upon his green thumb with affection.

THE out-of-doors is his province, and he has made the grounds a thing of beauty. The fourteen tons of topsoil which during last winter's rains were such a headache to the camping-out Jordans have been rolled out into an acre or so of lush green lawn, which Jim thinks is much too pretty to mess up with a swimming pool. The hillside in back of the house has been terraced in four levels, one of which is already blooming wildly with ivy geranium. The slower starting bougainvillea on the top levels will be a purple blaze by summer.

Roses, petunias, fuchsias and begonias—what Jim calls "potting flowers"—are a riot of color all over the place. And Jim defeats the withering valley sun with a complicated sprinkling system which cost almost as much as Marian's all-electric kitchen.

"Looks like Coney Island," he says, "with the water turned on."

"And the water bill is just as impressive," says Marian.

Jim, who hasn't forgotten that his salary as a drug clerk when he met Marian was a quick eight dollars a week, can answer (*Continued on page* 87)

Some years ago, Jim bought a nursery as a business investment. Then he found he had a green thumb, and became an enthusiastic and successful horticulturist.

Hear Fibber McGee and Molly Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC.

"We

"adopted a Baby"

By ROBBIN COONS

HE stands up before that microphone with a bounce that seems to start in his toes and vibrate rhythmically through his stocky frame all the time he's singing those songs.

He sings 'em brassy and he sings 'em golden with a lilt and a power that pick up an audience and put it in his pocket.

He's the same old Al Jolson, singing the same old songs that thrilled the world thirty years ago and are thrilling a new generation today. They're songs for the oldsters who were young when Al first sang them, and they're songs for the kids today who rank old Al along with their Bing and their Frankie.

And this year, in a special sense, they are songs for Asa, too.

The newspaper accounts were terse. The Jolsons (the stories said) had adopted a baby boy and the infant would be named Asa, which was Al's given name.

There's no quarrel with that way of telling it, only there's so much more that's interesting and human and sentimental—like a Jolson song.

We'll tell the story here in terms of those very songs that will always be Al's and even now are Asa's. Songs Asa will be hearing all his life because his daddy made them live.

We'll start, of course, with "Mammy". . . .

Erle Jolson, who is Asa's mammy now, is a beautiful young woman who was Erle Galbraith back in Hot Springs, Ark., where Al met her on one of those quiet hospital tours he did during the war. (You read their story in December RADIO MIRROR.)

Al would show up at the veterans' hospitals around the country, unannounced and unballyhooed. "My name's Jolson," he'd say. "Can I sing?"

At the Eastman Annex hospital at Hot Springs, he sang before such a packed house that many in the audience sat on the floor, among them Erle Galbraith, an X-ray technician. She sat close up front, and Al looked down and there she was—dark-haired, dark-eyed, a beauty to remember.

Afterward the girl was among those asking for his autograph.

"Say," said Al, "there ought to be a place in pictures for a girl like you. If you ever come to Hollywood . . ."

A few months later Erle came, with her sister, on a visit to California. Al hadn't forgotten. He introduced her at Columbia Pictures, and they placed her under contract, where she was promptly lost in the talent roster. A few tests, publicity pictures, nothing very exciting. Erle didn't mind. The studio world was a fresh new experience for her, but she had no serious acting ambitions. She expected, in fact, to return to medical work.

And Al went about his business, which wasn't very exciting, either, because this was before "The Jolson Story" and the great mammy-singer's principal fans were those countless GIs he had entertained overseas and at home. He had been one of the first entertainers to join the troops. He had been at Dutch Harbor when the Japs bombed the place; he had seen action in Europe. But now the war was over. He was sick, tired, and a has-been. "Jolson?" they said. "He's yesterday's boy."

They called it pneumonia when they took him to the hospital to fight for his life, and it was worse than that—in the end they had to cut through a couple of ribs and remove part of his left lung. "I didn't fight too hard," he (*Continued on page* 81)

Sentimental about his new baby? Not Al Jolson . . . he says. But you don't have to read between the lines to learn the truth

Hear Al Jolson in the Music Hall on NBC, Thursday nights at 9 EDT, 6 PDT.

Claire Miller and David Crowe, ready and waiting for the go-ahead signal.

PEOPLE

Making people laugh—at themselves and at each other—is Linkletter's business

David scores first: Louella Parsons in NBC lobby.

Claire again, triumph number two: Ronald Colman.

Claire catches Red Skelton at a benefit basketball game.

IF YOU happen to be one of the contestants whom Art Linkletter chooses to help him demonstrate his premise that people *are* funny, practically anything in the world can happen to you. But it *will* be funny. People Are Funny is not one of those do-or-die quiz shows on which you may possibly lose life or limb. All you're likely to do is have the time of your life, with maybe a prize thrown in.

Take the case of Claire Miller and David Crowe, contestants of a few weeks ago, for example. Their stunt involved covering much ground: they were sent off to see which of them could bring back the biggest batch of star autographs. Claire and David spread out over Hollywood like a brush fire, cornering celebrities in all the places you see here on these two pages and many more. When the totals were in, Art Linkletter announced that David's 144 had beaten out Claire's 104 for the grand prize: the Crosley station wagon (shown upper left). But Claire didn't go home empty-handed; she took with her the second prize, a grand new television set.

ARE FUNNY

Art Linkletter pronounces David and Claire the winners and new champs; producer John Guedal approves.

A smooth line of talk bags Judy Canova for David.

People Are Funny, with Art Linkletter as m. c., is heard Friday nights at 9, EDT, over NBC stations.

Good catch for Dave, pretty picture for us: Alice Faye signs.

Between the

BERRY-PICKING TIME

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

We dreamed up jungle games along the aisles
Between the berry bushes where the weeds
Rose tangled, dense and dark to meet our needs—
The stumps and fallen boughs were crocodiles.
Our safari plunged through the brush for miles;
I in my pinafore and Bud in tweeds
Turned cannibal and gnashed our teeth on seeds,
And gave each other fierce, blackberry smiles.
Our empty buckets lay somewhere behind us;
We stained our cheeks and hands a hideous red,
Fought hostile tribes of spiders, garter snakes
And bumblebees till Dad came out to find us,
To thrash us, send us supperless to bed
With thorny battle scars and stomach aches.

—Cosette Middleton

ON SECOND THOUGHT

If I died for David—
And I must confess
I would do it gladly—
Would he love me less?

Sometimes, very often,
I am sure he would;
Then again I'm certain
That he never could.

David loves me madly;
This I always knew;
If I died for David,
What would David do?

Would he wed another?
What an awful thought!
I will live for David,
Lest he grieve a lot.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

SUBTLE BUT SURE

Let him be firm,
Let him cling
To his own opinion
On anything.

Sooner or later
Each husband will find
It's a woman's privilege
To change a man's mind!

—Thomas Usk

Love and Honor

The man Viola married
Bought her a golden sable.
My husband kissed me
And bought me a kitchen table.
Her man digs hands in his pockets
To pay for increasing wishes.
Mine takes his out of his pockets
And helps me with the dishes.

—Dorothy Burnham Eaton

Green fields...blue skies...warm stillness over all. Good weather

Bookends

By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EDT, over ABC.

To a Photograph - GIRL GRADUATE

Time has not written yet one word of all
The story he will write upon your face,
For you have barely heard his light foot-fall.
In days to come Time will fly on apace
As if he challenged you to run a race.
I dare not ask that all the days to come
Be sunshine-flecked: there will be cloud and rain,
The burning lightning-flash and thunder's drum,
But may you always hear the glad refrain
Of Love's clear song, and see the sun again.

—Georgia Moore Eberling

DREAMER VERSUS DOER

You can keep your armored heart
I'll take mine with all its scars
While you sat wishing for the moon
I reached up and touched the stars.

—Dorothy Lowell Richartz

As ever - Yours

I swept the hallway of my heart,
Each room I emptied, too . . .
And thought that I had closed the door
On every trace of you.

But when I pulled the twilight shades,
(For shutting out your face)
I found your slippers . . . and your pipe . . .
In their accustomed place.

—Blanche DeGood Lofton

Magic

"Henry" seemed, the other day,
A plain and homely name,
Sharp and terse, unbeautiful—
Before you came.
Now that you have laid your hand
On my hand, I have found
"Henry" ringing softly
With holy sound.

—Edith Hammond

SOLACE

Though a wife finds housework trying,
She'd still be at a loss
To find a new position
Where she could boss the boss.

—W. E. Farbstein

RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

for reading outdoors!

Ralph Edwards, whose Truth or Consequences program ran the contest, and Jack Benny, whose name won it, helped Mrs. Hubbard at script-time.

One last autograph before Mrs. Hubbard and her friend, Mrs. Albert Dodds, entrained.

I Walked into

THAT day—the day that will always in my mind be "that Saturday"—no dramatist could have set the stage for sharper contrast.

Chicago's weather (and I can assure you that even the natives, though they put up a good front, suffer from it) was really going full blast. That biting wind, carrying rain and snow in from Lake Michigan—how it cut!

And, I must confess, even before I finished my day's work at Carson Pirie Scott and started out to fight the weather on my way home to the Chicago suburb of Austin, I was tired. Saturday's the big day at any department store, and after all, I'm 68! But it wasn't so much physical tiredness as . . . well, just weariness. The salesgirls in the casual clothes department, where I worked as a checker, were many of them just youngsters and the vitality with which they rushed off to their weekend fun, after the hard day's work they'd put in, made me the more tired by contrast.

Of Mrs. Hubbard's appearance on the Benny show, Mary Livingstone said, "You gave your lines like a professional!"

For Radio Mirror, the year's favorite Cinderella tells the story behind those famous words that named The Walking Man

By MRS. FLORENCE HUBBARD

Two half-whispered words brought a golden shower into a quiet life, sent Mrs. Hubbard west to glamorous Hollywood.

$22,500

And Saturday night, after the bustle of the day, is a pretty lonely time. When my husband was alive, even after the 1929 crash, there had been friends to see, guests in the house, plenty of exclamation points to brighten up a week or a weekend.

I scolded myself as I climbed to my little two-and-a-half-room apartment at 48 North Waller Avenue. I still had friends, good ones and enough of them; I had my work—and if I hurried a little I could be out of my wet clothes, through with a steaming hot bath and ready to hear Truth or Consequences by the time it came on. That was enough excitement for anyone—for surely tonight would see the end of the Walking Man contest. It had been going on for ten weeks; everyone was talking about it. I had already sent in thirty contributions with my twenty-five word reason for supporting the American Heart Association, and if need be I could think of thirty more reasons. I have a special interest in the Heart Association, you see . . . it was a heart attack that took Dr. Charles from me, thirteen years ago.

I just about had time to fix myself a plate of chop suey and turn my radio to WMAQ, before Ralph Edwards came on. I don't remember whether or not I ate; I guess not, because just the excitement of hearing Ralph Edwards lead up to *the* phone call was very bad for digestion! As I waited and listened, it almost seemed as though I could *feel* everyone around me listening too—people in the next apartment, upstairs, down the street. I guess half the country was listening, at that, for the tension as Mr. Edwards began to make his call seemed to come from all around, to be right in the air and not just in me. . . .

And then, like a scream of excitement, my own phone rang.

People have told me what happened next. I knew my own name, thank goodness, well enough to tell Ralph Edwards when he asked (*Continued on page* 76)

Truth or Consequences, with Ralph Edwards as m.c., is heard Saturday nights at 8:30 EDT, on NBC.

Life can be Beautiful

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, PDT; 1 MDT; 2 CDT; 3 EDT, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

Dear Papa David:

I had been married less than a year when tragedy struck. A drunken driver crashed into our automobile when we were driving to the corner grocery. As a result of the accident, my leg was amputated.

I wanted to die. Instead of the glorious life my husband and I had dreamed of and planned for, I was to be a helpless burden on him for the rest of my life. Hurt, bitter, and filled with self pity, I refused to listen when he tried to cheer me up.

My mother came to help take care of me when I got out of the hospital. When she started talking about getting me a wheel chair I flew into a rage.

I think God must have given my husband wisdom. Instead of the hated wheel chair, he talked my mother into buying a good camera I had wanted before I lost interest in everything. The medicine worked. I forgot about myself in the enthusiasm of studying photography from the books my husband brought home to me.

I even let my husband talk me into being fitted for an artificial limb—an ordeal I had dreaded. Seeing the self-sufficient, normal people at the orthopedic place did me a world of good, for every one of them from the office girl in her trim nylons to the experts who did the work had one or two artificial limbs of their own.

The look of happiness on my husband's face when I lay down my crutches and took the first few faltering steps on my new leg was more than enough to take away the pain. My husband, who had repeated with me at our marriage ceremony the words, "for better or for worse," had done all that was humanly possible to change my "worse" to "better." Anyone with less patience or less knowledge of psychology would have given up trying to alter my despondent outlook during those difficult months. I was very lucky to have so much to live for—a wonderful husband, the photography studio we were planning to open and work in together, and, best of all, the knowledge that things are never hopeless.

F. M.

Love has a magic potent enough to transform tragedy into triumph

Radio Mirror's ten-dollar checks have gone to the writers of the following letters:

TEMPER

Dear Papa David:

This happened in a coal mining town. There were eleven children in our family. I always had the worst temper from the time I can remember until I got to the age of fifteen. The age when a young man begins to get neat about himself and cleans his face and neck without being told and begins to see the girls in a different light.

We boys had built a swimming hole where we could go swimming and did go nearly every day. It is easy to learn to swim if you learn when young. As our swimming hole was not over twenty-five feet wide and about ten feet deep, we would dive in off the bank on one side and swim under water to the other side. Anyone can swim under water. I had done this so often and it was so easy I decided to try coming up before I got across and see if I couldn't swim just the same on top as I did under water. Sure enough it worked just the same and that is how I learned to swim.

One morning after breakfast two of the boys I buddied with came along and yelled to me to come on and go swimming. Mother heard the shouting and said I had to go down to the store for yeast. (People those days baked their own bread.) That made me so mad I grabbed up something off the washing machine as I was passing and slung it around my neck. Mother told me to get going and get that yeast.

I started to town. It was about a half mile to the store down through the mining village from where we lived. The first group of boys I passed asked me what was the matter did I have a sore throat? "No! I ain't got no sore throat!" and I went straight ahead, walking with my temper. Soon I passed two girls and they wanted to know if I was sick or just had a sore throat and giggled. "No, I ain't got no sore throat!" and I kept on going. I went in the store on Main Street and got yeast. The store clerk after waiting on me asked if I was feeling sick or had a sore throat. "No, I ain't got *no sore throat!*" and away I went. On my way back toward home two girls passed on the other side of the street and I noticed they laughed after they passed me.

About two thirds of the way home my temper began to cool and I happened to look down for the first time since I started on my errand. I noticed something hanging down my chest. I grabbed and pulled from around my neck a suit of my mother's underwear, which I had tied there by the legs. My mom is no midget. She weighed 250 pounds! Wham! I threw them for a mile. I never did tell mother what became of them. To think I had been all the way to town and in the store and passed those girls and boys and was almost home with that underwear hanging around my neck! But I was cured right there and then of my bad temper.

I am 51 now and I tell my children they better watch their tempers. They just laugh. Life has been beautiful and much smoother since I lost that temper once and for all.

J. B. T.

PAID IN FULL

Dear Papa David:

My father died when I was nine years old. Mother was left with two small children to support. She took in washings, cleaned house for the town's folks, and got paid very little for her hard work. She was tired, nervous and worried all the time.

Papa had been in the hospital for weeks before he died and of course the bill had not been paid. The hospital and doctor bills kept coming and mama would cry and become cross and scold us every time one arrived. I decided that every time a bill came from the doctor I would burn it, because mama couldn't pay it anyway and just became worried and cross.

Finally one came that I could not ignore—the kind that says "unless this bill is paid we shall have to put it in the hands of collectors." That worried me considerably. I visualized mama going to jail and men coming to take away our pitifully few belongings. At last I could not stand it any longer so I took paper and pencil and wrote to this doctor. I reminded him that papa was dead and told him mama worked hard but only made enough money to buy food and fuel. But I added that I was a strong and healthy girl of nine and would soon be able to get work and earn money to pay this bill, in fact already I earned twenty-five cents occasionally watching neighbor children.

In just three days an answer arrived, and in it a receipt, *paid in full* from both doctor and hospital, and a letter from this wonderful man stating that if at any time we needed help, to please let him know and he would gladly serve us. He ended his kind letter with, "Bless you little girl and may you know the world is not such a bad place after all."

I still have this letter in my scrap book, Papa David. Now I am a mother of five children and life still isn't easy for me—then I look at this letter from the "Dear Doctor" and I remember that without fail, the sun always come through the clouds.

M. L.

(*Continued on page* 101)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Phone calls are routine for a secretary. What makes Bob's job special is that his day may include some skating with Skipper, Dick and Pigeon Haymes.

Success comes in all shapes and sizes: one kind fo

He's My

FRIENDLY people I know, chief among them my boss himself, keep trying to fix things up so that I can get ahead in the world.

You can act, they say. Wanta make a test?

You can sing. Wanta make a record?

Wanta make a name for yourself?

Sure, I say, but not rushing up, sure I do, if it won't interfere with my job. Because after five years as general flunkey to Dick Haymes—Dick calls me his secretary, but you can't do that to shorthand and typing—after five crazy years I know I'm in clover right where I am.

Who else, I argue, has airplanes to fly, horses to ride, a swimming pool shimmering right outside his door—and no headaches over income taxes?

All right, I'm oversimplifying everything. But, actually, in my job I seem to fall into most of the gravy which goes with Dick's big success—the friends, the fun, the interesting people and interesting places—while avoiding most of the grief. (Stars get their grief, too, in oversize packages. To give you an idea: it's Dick who has to get up at a frosty 3 A.M. on New Year's morning to get to Pasadena in time to present the Rose Queen. While he freezes, I lie snug in my bed—and hear the whole thing on the radio.)

I wouldn't like flunkeying to just any star. Too

By

BOB McCORD

Radio Mirror's cover star, Dick Haymes, is heard Thursday nights at 9 EDT, on CBS.

many of them seem to think flunkey is a synonym for toady. My job is special because my boss is special—especially generous, especially democratic, especially unaffected by fame. And we were friends first, boss and flunkey later, which helps account for the difference.

We met on the set of "Four Jills and a Jeep"—it was Dick's first picture. Mine, too, but differently. Dick was a radio star making an auspicious debut in films; I was just a guy pulled into the studio from a job in a potato field—but literally—because they needed an extra who knew how to ride a horse.

So many young kids come to Hollywood dreaming of acting careers, break their hearts over closed studio doors and end up as soda jerks or shop girls. When I got the California bug and headed west from my home in Sac City, Iowa, it wasn't because there were studios out here, or glamor, or bright lights, but because there were ranches out here, and horses, and the kind of outdoor life I wanted for myself and the family I intended to come by.

So it was I, who didn't give a hoot for glamor, who turned up on the set as an actor! I, who had trained for the job by selling dry goods in the J. C. Penney stores and digging potatoes in the fields. I know it doesn't (*Continued on page* 90)

Bob McCord and Dick Haymes got friendly over horses, then found they worked well together, enjoyed the same things, had the same ideas. Now Bob is as much at home feeding the Haymes ranch chickens as Dick is (above); and perhaps a bit more at home than the boss at the office typewriter.

Boss

Bride and Groom

By JOHN NELSON

For singer Jack McElroy (l.) and M. C. Nelson's microphone, Dick Egbert and Ilse Ickert reenact the Great Proposal Scene.

THERE'S a Hollywood legend about a girl who commands a wonderful salary merely because she can look more worried than any other two people in radio. The wags of Radio City claim she's in constant demand—to provide the proper atmosphere for the inevitable emergencies that arise with every coast-to-coast broadcast.

According to the members of our staff whose job it is to help the Bride and Groom couples with their wedding and honeymoon plans, our program could offer that girl a steady job . . . with overtime!

For instance, there's the matter of the last-minute changes in wedding dates. An example of this happened recently, when a groom-to-be was offered an important position in South America. But to accept the offer, he would have to sail within a week, and his wedding wasn't scheduled to take place for more than a month.

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'll get in touch with the couples who are to be married this week. I'm sure one of them will exchange dates with you."

One of the first calls I put through was to Ilse Ickert in Salt Lake City who was to marry Richard Egbert of that same city. I hadn't yet met Ilse or Dick except through letters, and when she answered the phone I was pleasantly surprised to find that her voice was not only unusually sweet, but that she spoke with a decided and intriguing accent.

Explaining the plight of the other couple, I said, "Since it means so much to them, would it be possible for you and Dick to delay your Bride and Groom date until next month?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "If only Dick and I could help them. But, Mr. Nelson, waiting a month for our marriage might mean that I would lose Dick—even lose the right to stay in America!"

whose hearts grew fonder

An ocean divided them, and grim official words. But stardust made a special path for Ilse and Dick

Ilse slipped on the traditional bride's garter in what she thought was a private corner—but the camera caught her.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Egbert, at last—in spite of everything that stood in the way.

I couldn't believe my ears—but Ilse was hurrying to explain. "You see, I met Dick when he was with the American Army in Europe; and he obtained permission for me to come here as his fiancée. But unless we are married within a certain time, I will have to go back again—just when I have found all of happiness!"

Her voice broke with emotion, and I quickly assured her that the exchange of dates would be arranged with some other couple. (As it turned out, we found a couple to whom the later date was even more convenient.) But I was glad I had phoned Ilse, for it called to my special attention one of the most interesting of all Bride and Groom romances.

Ilse's part of the story begins in 1941, when she and her twin sister were only sixteen. The only children of a wealthy theater owner, they lived in their family home at Aussig, Czechoslovakia, one hundred miles north of

John Nelson is m. c. of Bride and Groom, Mon.-Fri. at 2:30 P.M. EDT. on ABC stations.

Bride and Groom's Roberta Roberts never attended a more excited bride than Ilse Ickert.

Prague. Charming and cultured, educated in the best schools of Europe, the two girls had known a childhood of happiness and comfort.

But these were the black years of the war; and overnight the village of Aussig was filled with the heavy rumble of Russian artillery, and the tramp of Russian troops, setting up their defense against the advancing Nazi hordes.

Ilse's voice grows heavy with sad memories when she speaks of that day. "The battle was coming so close that they could give us only an hour to leave our home. A single hour for saying goodbye to the place where we had lived since the day we were born!"

Their experiences in the next five years followed the tragically familiar pattern of refugee-life in wartime Europe. The hardships finally claimed the life of Ilse's father; and when the war ended the three survivors were in Heidelberg, Germany. The twin sisters, Ilse and Else, and their mother were quartered in one small room of a German house. "Our landlord," Ilse explained wryly, "was a former member of the S.S. troops."

In addition to the problem of their miserable living quarters, there was the daily question of obtaining enough food to keep alive. Finally, because of their anti-Nazi record, the girls were approved for employment in a clerical branch of the military government. Their life even then would seem of extreme hardship to us; but as Ilse explained, "There is a difference between merely being hungry all the time, and being afraid you are actually going to starve."

However, their new life did permit their occasional attendance at the places of entertainment set up by the Special Services department of the occupation army. The most impressive of these places was the beautiful Star-Dust Club, located picturesquely on the banks of the Deckar River. It was at this club that Richard Egbert entered the story.

Dick was with the Signal Corps of the United States Army. A veteran of two and a half years service overseas, he held the distinction of having transmitted over the Army radio the official "Cessation of Hostilities" message when the European war finally ended.

When asked what he remembered of his first meeting with Ilse, Dick grinned and said, "The Star-Dust Club was wonderful, the music was wonderful, and suddenly I was dancing with the most wonderful girl in the world. After that, I was in too happy a haze to remember anything except that I'd fallen head over heels in love—at first sight!"

"I wasn't used to having things happen so quickly," laughed Ilse, "and I could imagine what my mother would say if I allowed a soldier whom I'd just met to escort me home. But I liked Dick from the first; so we finally compromised by agreeing that he could take me to the dance the following week."

But when Dick, his uniform pressed and buttons polished like a West Point cadet on graduation day, arrived at the Ickert billet the next Saturday night, he began to think he'd misunderstood Ilse's words. For when he said, "Hi there—ready to go?" the girl who had answered the door straightened indignantly and said, "I certainly am not! I don't go out with strangers!"

The bewildered Dick started to protest, but the girl turned on her heel and slammed the door. Flabbergasted, Dick stood there in the darkness a moment, then walked slowly away.

But behind him the door was flung open again, and there was the sound of running footsteps. "Dick. Dick, wait. It's I—Ilse. And I'm ready to go!"

"I give up," Dick said helplessly. "What is this—some old European custom?"

"No," Ilse laughed. "That was Else who answered the door, my twin sister. Luckily, when she came in she told me about some 'fresh soldier' who had asked her if she was ready to go—so I knew what had happened."

From that night on, Dick admits, he spent most of his on-duty time figuring out new reasons for requesting a pass, so he could spend the hours with Ilse. As weeks passed, Ilse's gray-blue eyes lost some of their shadows of remembered sadness; and both she and Dick realized that theirs was no casual meeting of strangers in a far land. Instead, it was as though each had been waiting for the other through all the years that had gone before.

Finally Dick asked Ilse to marry him. "I knew he was going to ask me," said Ilse, "but I didn't know how wonderful it would sound when it really happened. How can I ever tell anyone what happiness it meant? The end of being alone and afraid, the start of being with the man I loved, even of going with him to his country—to America, which had always seemed almost like a fairyland!"

But there was the question of official permission for the marriage—permission which was not granted. "There were so many applications in those days," Dick explained, "that nine out of ten were disapproved. Ilse and I explained to the officials that she was not a German citizen, that she was listed as 'stateless' since she had been forced to leave her country, Czechoslovakia, when war had come to her village."

But the official mills grind slowly in such matters, and finally came what seemed the day of tragedy for all their plans: Dick was to be transferred back to the United States for discharge.

"We spent the last night walking in a park, talking," Ilse said, her voice grave at the remembrance. "Neither of us would put it into words, we both assured each other over and over again that it didn't mean the end, but in our hearts we had accepted the hopelessness of finding any answer."

The next morning, Ilse tried vainly to blink away the tears as she waved goodbye to Dick. Then she turned and walked back to the tiny one-room billet, alone.

It was several weeks before the first letter came from Dick, who was with his parents at their home in Salt Lake City. It was the first of a long series of daily letters; and in it was a line that caused Ilse's heart to beat faster with hope: "I haven't given up on getting the official permission."

Their exchange of letters (*Continued on page* 80)

Final proof to Ilse that she was really an American wife—the three chocolate sundaes Dick bought her.

TELEVISION

Most of Alma Kitchell's televised cooking demonstrations show simple dishes, but now and then she throws in an elaborate number like the planked steak and vegetables.

Wed. at 8:30 P.M. EDT, on WNBT, is Alma Kitchell's cooking time.

Alma Kitchell

ALMA KITCHELL, known to millions of radio listeners for her sprightly women's programs, has completely deserted radio for television. There is a curious history-repeats-itself angle to her new activities too.

Alma came from Superior, Wisconsin, when she was a young girl, to study voice—that she did in New York City, and married her voice teacher in the process. In time she became a leading concert singer, and appeared as a soloist with important orchestras and choral organizations from coast to coast. She gave recitals at both Carnegie and Town Halls and was highly praised by the New York critics.

All this plus two sons would seem like a full life; but just about then everybody started talking about that new gadget—radio. Alma got interested—it sounded new and exciting. She went in search of a radio station, found WJZ, sang for them, and from that day on for over twenty years not a week passed that did not find Mrs. Kitchell before the microphones. She went naturally from singing to women's programs—her curiosity, warm enthusiasm for new things, and friendly personality (*Cont'd on page* 85)

PIX means Pictures

ARE you hearing whispers and shouts on every side about the fact that anyone who gets into televison now on the ground floor (or at least the mezzanine) is going to make a million dollars in no time at all? Have you been wondering how you might get in on the bonanza? Well, owning your own television station is one way. Throughout the nation television stations are popping up as fast as the FCC grants permits and station owners can obtain equipment.

Now the question is—how do you go about building one of these potential gold mines? How do you get into what promises to be one of the most lucrative industries in the nation within the next five years?

Let's take as an example WPIX in New York. This station, owned by *The New York Daily News,* will be completed in June. Since *The Daily News* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in America, it will be interesting to see how this fabulous organization went about starting its video station.

The late Joseph Medill Patterson, founder of *The News,* first became interested in television in 1939. He quickly became convinced that *The News* should have a station.

Plans were under way when the United States went to war in 1941 and were dropped for the duration. On January 31, 1944, however, it was decided to make application to the FCC; but because the war was still on, hearings were put off. (This FCC application for permit, by the way, is a lengthy, involved, and expensive business.) Finally on May 24, 1946, an amended application was filed and hearings were held June 3rd and 4th. At that time there were seven requests for the four channels then available in the New York area.

Nearly a year later, on May 8, 1947, a television CP (construction permit) was granted to *The News.* Then the operation shifted into high gear. Architects were called in and by July Alexander D. Crosett and Associates were selected to do the job. (*Continued on page* 103)

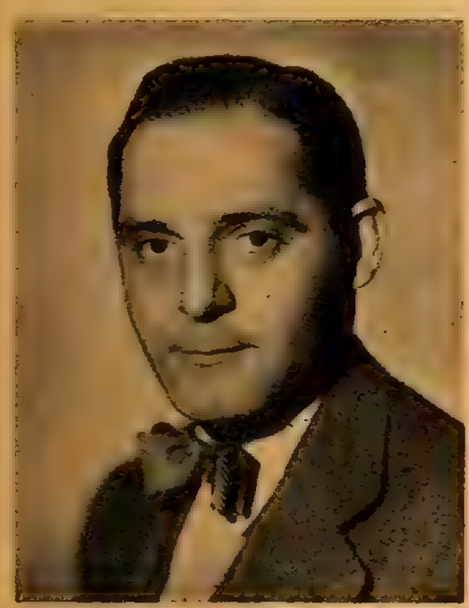
Robert L. Coe, station manager, signs Gloria Swanson for a weekly Gloria Swanson Hour, her video debut.

Program Manager Harvey Marlowe plans WPIX's minimum operation of thirty-five hours, seven days a week.

People in TELEVISION

DON ROPER started at WABD, the Dumont television station in New York, as a page boy just two years ago. Today he is chief announcer for the station. Television, like radio in its early days, will catapult talented people to the top in record time. Don is only 24 years old. He had some theater and radio background, but was so eager to get into video that any job available in the field—even the page-boy spot—seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. He used it as such, anyway; he went cheerfully about his page-boy duties in order to get the feel of television work. Later came small assignments as an announcer and some scripting. These led to responsible jobs in production, direction, and coordination. The diversity of Don's television experience is characteristic of the careers of most of the young people who are establishing themselves in this field. Don has an excellent voice and he's used it for everything from weather announcements to ringside sports narration. He's been in drama, comedy, and variety shows.

MARY KAY came to television via the legitimate stage. Three years ago she was one of the thousands of youngsters who arrive in New York annually for a brave attempt to get into the theater. Better equipped than most (she had studied dramatics at 14 under Zeke Colvin, former stage manager for Ziegfeld, and had been part of the famous Actors' Lab in Los Angeles, her home town), she was also luckier than most, because she obtained a job as understudy in "Dear Ruth" almost at once, and was soon given a role. She went into stock when the show closed and there met and married a young actor, Johnny Stearns. Johnny was enthusiastic about television. They worked out a show and in October, 1947, they started their television program "Mary Kay and Johnny" on WABD, Dumont's New York Station. Their show is a comedy and is concerned with the everyday happenings in the lives of a pair of young marrieds; a subject very close to home with them, of course.



BEN GRAUER owns one of the most famous names in radio—and one of the best-known voices. Now his attractive face is becoming familiar to televiewers via NBT's Eye Witness and Americana. Ben began on television as an occasional interviewer and m.c. on spot news and feature programs. This was in 1945 and early '46. Ben's career as a regularly scheduled NBC television personality began when Eye-Witness started. This program takes viewers behind the scenes of the television industry, and has taken Ben to Washington, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities along the East Coast where television manufacture and broadcasting is in operation. With the addition of Americana to the list of NBC television programs, Ben took on a second show. Americana is a question and answer program which requires, in addition to the ability to think and talk fast, a broad knowledge of American history, politics, and folklore.

JINI BOYD O'CONNOR is writer and co-m.c. with Gil Fates of Scrapbook — popular children's program series broadcast every Sunday at 6:30 P.M. over CBS Television Station WCBS-TV. Membership in the Junior Editors of The Scrapbook, JETS for short, now totals 6,000 youngsters, with new additions coming in at the rate of 400 a week. Jini was a woman's commentator on radio station WBAB, Atlantic City, New Jersey, before starting Scrapbook about a year ago. She is quite athletic—an expert horsewoman, a champion table tennis star, and is currently bettering her swimming technique for competitive purposes. Jini lives at Longport, New Jersey. She has held the New Jersey State Women's Table Tennis Championship for years. During the war, she toured service camps here and abroad with National USO Units in exhibition table tennis. She still plays matches, occasionally, at veterans' hospitals.

What's New from Coast to

What television demands of an actor can be seen in these three pictures of NBC's Vaughan Taylor, the first actor to date to have been developed by video. He's Dickens' Uriah Heep (1.) ; a crusty old hermit; and, right, a fast-talking agent.

Joan Lloyd (center), Radio Mirror's television editor, was a recent guest on NBC's Television Screen Magazine (Thurs. 8:30 P.M. EDT). Editor-in-chief is Millicent Fenwick; managing editor is John McCaffery.

BET you'll be surprised to hear that the way-back beginnings of the possibility of television started in 1873. That was the year a scientist named May discovered the effect of light on the conductivity of the element selenium. This discovery formed the basis for later experiments in television.

* * *

Many political big-wigs feel that radio and television will play a more important part in the elections this year than the newspapers. Video set manufacturers are going all out in production in preparation for the conventions. Already the video receiving sets are rolling out of the factories at the rate of about 1,000 a day.

* * *

David O. Selznick's "stable of stars," which includes Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten, has been presented with television sets and briefed on the importance of the new medium.

* * *

New Yorkers and Chicagoans inspecting West Coast television activities are unanimous in the opinion that Manhattan video is far ahead in programming and techniques, but are also agreed that eventually Hollywood is destined to become the nation's television capital because of the concentration of looks and talent out there.

* * *

Here's a new slant and an idea for other experts. Video is going to mean added revenue for the nation's top golfers. One talent agency has already signed up 15 of the country's leading golfers to make instruction shorts for telecasting.

* * *

Televisers are concentrating on setting up networks as quickly as possible. By March, NBC had in operation the relay system making possible the full time operation of the NBC East Coast video network between Schenectady and Washington, D. C.

* * *

CBS, also concerned with building a coast-to-coast television network, has already started construction on the nation's largest television studio plant. It will occupy more than 700,000 cubic feet in the Grand Central Terminal Building in New York City and will serve as the center for telecasting operations for the network in the future. Even while it is under construction, space as it becomes useable will be turned over to the telecasting

Coast in TELEVISION

Martha Raye (l.) and Pat Dane (r.) were Jack Eigen's guests at one of his WABD gossip shows (Wed., 7:15).

staffs. To give you an idea of CBS plans for this operation, here are details from the CBS announcement.

The studio plant facilities will comprise two large studios (sketch-plans of which were shown here last month) with associated control rooms, scenery and construction rooms, film facilities, maintenance, wardrobe and property storage quarters, Master Control room and offices for operational officials and crews. Space is available for additional studios.

The two large main studios have working areas of 55 x 85 feet of floor space with potential ceiling heights of 45 feet. With their associated features they will occupy more than 700,000 cubic feet. Between the studios will be the scenery construction and storage departments, also with a 45-foot ceiling.

Elevated catwalks for the lighting and sound technicians will span each of the two main studios. Ceilings and walls will be studded with the latest types of lighting banks. Cranes and booms for cameras, lights and microphones will permit sound and sight pickups which cannot be achieved in smaller studios.

The Master Control design looks ahead many years to all conceivable patterns of (*Continued on page* 79)

Singer Kenneth Spencer, guest on WABD's Fashions on Parade, got video briefing from Raymond Nelson (r.).

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

Portia

The story of a successful lawyer's struggle to be a success—as a wife

1. When young Portia Blake was left a widow with her small son Dickie to support, she found that she could expect neither help nor sympathy from her mother-in-law. In fact, the elder Mrs. Blake tried to win custody of Dickie. So Portia bravely began to make her way in Parkerstown as a lawyer. Through her work she met reporter Walter Manning; they fell in love and were planning marriage when Walter was tricked into promising to marry the selfish society girl, Arlene Harrison.

2. Walter went to Europe as a war correspondent, and Portia threw herself into civic work. Unhappy and lonely, she met Dr. Stanley Holton, who fell in love with her. But he was murdered in circumstances so damaging to Portia that, after a trial, she was saved from sentence only by the last-minute confession of singer Julie Peters. Portia defended Julie, won an acquittal based on self-defense. And then Walter returned from Europe . . . at least, it looked and sounded like Walter.

WITH this review of Portia Faces Life RADIO MIRROR recalls fateful moments from the past of radio's famous woman lawyer, Portia Manning. Here, as on the air:

Portia is played by ..... **Lucille Wall**

Walter ..... **Bartlett Robinson**

Kathy Campbell ..... **Elizabeth Reller**

Leslie Palmer ..... **Luise Barclay**

Dickie ..... **Edwin Bruce**

Written by Mona Kent, produced and directed by Hoyt Allen, Portia Faces Life is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M. EDT, on the NBC network.

3. But the Walter who returned was a Nazi spy, using his likeness to Walter to [illegible] information. The true Walter got back to the U. S. in time to destroy his double's plot. Released from Arlene, he married Portia—which made parting more difficult when he went back to counter-espionage in Germany. Then came the report of his death. Lonely, Portia drifted into an engagement with Dr. Norman Byron.

4. Portia's friend Kathy Campbell, a dietitian, was in love with Byron. Jealous, Kathy kept from Portia her knowledge that Walter was not dead, but a patient in a N. Y. mental hospital. Walter read of Portia's plans for marriage, eluded his doctors and came to Parkerstown.

5. Bursting in on Portia and Byron, Walter, who was liable to an AWOL charge, persuaded his startled wife to go with him to Cuba. Byron followed, managed to get Walter to return. Walter did not encourage the advances of traveling-companion Elaine Arden, but later her handkerchief . . .

8. Portia, hurrying to a reunion with Walter, was badly hurt in an accident. Though progressive paralysis set in, she went with Walter to Hollywood when his book was bought for filming by Advance Pictures. There she found her first hope that the paralysis might be permanently cured.

9. With Portia on the way to recovery, the Mannings went home to Parkerstown. But Leslie Palmer, head of Advance's story department, tried to keep Walter in Hollywood with her by telling him a small town would dull his work. When that failed, she got him an advance on his third book.

6. . . . in his pocket provoked a quarrel between Walter and Portia. Walter angrily left, took a job in a factory and started to write a book. Elaine followed him, conspiring with Byron to make it look as though she and Walter were intimate, so that Portia would ask for a divorce.

7. But Elaine repented the lie, decided to confess to Portia that Walter had remained a faithful husband. As Byron struggled to stop her from going, Elaine accidentally killed him. Frantic, she begged Portia's help; Portia won an acquittal, and grateful Elaine cleared Walter.

10. But the third book, as Leslie knew, was to be turned down, leaving Walter in debt to Advance. When they assigned him to Ankara to work on a documentary film, he could not refuse. The quiet life that Portia so deeply desires for herself and Walter and Dickie seems unattainable.

11. There was bitterness in the leavetaking, for Portia could not even accompany him to New York, where he was to embark—she stayed to defend their friend Mark Randall, held on a trumped-up murder charge. When Mark was free, she rushed to New York, but arrived just as Walter's boat left.

Your front-row seat for the CHARLIE

As Radio Mirror's guest you get "company" seats — best in the house — for this favorite Sunday night comedy program on NBC

THE Charlie McCarthy Show originates in NBC's Radio City studios in Hollywood. So, if you live in Rhode Island or Nebraska, you've never expected to see a studio broadcast. But RADIO MIRROR has never regarded that as a fair arrangement; we'd like to make it possible for every listener to have the thrill of being part of the studio audience at a big network production. This month, therefore, the editors have made arrangements to seat you about third row center—a very good location—as the cast of Edgar

McCARTHY SHOW

Bergen's program assembles on the stage.

Far left is producer Earl Ebi who, because timing and cueing are so vital a part of comedy-building, works directly on the stage with his cast rather than from a booth as most producers do. You'll recognize Charlie, supported by the guiding hand of his master Edgar Bergen; they're exchanging with guest Al Jolson the kind of suave insult for which Edgar has made his dummy famous. On the podium is musical director Ray Noble. Traveling right, we come to Ersel Twing (played by Pat Patrick, who obviously never got over having been born in Strawberry Point, Iowa). Beside him, vocalist Anita Gordon, whose teen-age charm comes as a surprise to those who know her mature singing style. Seated, far right with scripts, are announcer Ken Carpenter and versatile actor John Brown, who creates comedy characters on this and a double-handful of other programs.

The Charlie McCarthy show is heard Sunday nights at 5 PDT, 8 EDT, on NBC.

My Pal,

He's a quick man with a joke, can lick his weight in hecklers, and has a gag-file in his head. No wonder—he started when he was seven!

I FIRST ran into Milton about twelve years ago. It was at Radio City Music Hall at an enormous midnight benefit show. He was one of the masters of ceremonies. My job was to walk out to the center of the stage, make an announcement and stand by the microphone with a stop watch for thirty seconds for station identification.

I was new in New York, straight from Boston, and I had never been on anything so vast as that stage, which is the biggest in the world. It looked like a mile to the mike from where I stood in the wings. It is not the easiest thing in the world to walk and walk and walk with 6,000 people watching you, but I made it, gave the announcement with every ounce of dignity I could summon, and stood there facing the audience. Since I was not supposed to be funny, I hoped that I was making a reasonably pleasant impression of substance and calm as befitted one who announced the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra broadcasts.

Suddenly nightmare set in. I was aware that I was losing my balance. An inexorable pressure was forcing my feet apart. Milton had sauntered over behind me and was giving me what is known as "a spread." I could not leave the microphone. There was only one place for me to go, and that was down.

So my first feeling for Milton Berle was not one of out-pouring affection.

I don't remember how long it was before I met him again, but I do remember a lot of time elapsed before I spoke! Later, after we became close friends, I regretted that I had allowed so much time to pass before getting to know the real Berle. I saw a lot of him just the same because I found him irresistibly funny—so long as he was in a show and I was in the audience with a chair firmly under me and my back to the wall.

When he was headlining the floor show at The Carnival, I dropped in to see his act so often that I knew it as well as he did, but I would find myself rolling on the floor with the rest of the customers just the same. Part of his appeal to repeaters, of course, is that he never fails to give a bonus of the unexpected in every performance.

By

FRANK GALLOP

announcer on the Milton Berle Show.

He was unpredictable then, and I attributed it to the informal atmosphere of a night club. However, since working with him, I have learned with mixed emotions that the unexpected is what always must be expected of Berle, even on his radio show. New and funny lines occur to him constantly, and in they go.

For instance, the other evening the script called for me to tell a story. His line, following, was "Very true, Mr. Gallop."

But on the air his line came out, "You slowed that story down to a Gallop. You should have done it at a Cantor—and I wish you were on his program."

Bar none, he is the greatest ad-lib comedian I have ever known. It is perfectly true that he has a bank of filing cabinets filled with gags. But they are all in his head, too. There isn't a subject in the world he cannot make a gag or a pun about, and instantly.

His memory is phenomenal. He spouts new gags all day long to the cast, waiters, elevator operators, everyone he meets. He never writes any of them down, but he never forgets one. They are filed in his mind until he drops into his office which is usually once a day. There he dictates a string of jokes, puns and ideas to his secretary who files them for future reference.

He has been working on his backlog of gags ever since he was seven years old and his mother made him memorize ten new jokes a day. She invented this somewhat unusual home-work for him immediately after he had his first heady experience with public acclaim. This was when he won a prize for an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in an amateur contest. From then on the standard studies of the second grade seemed dull stuff indeed.

Partially in self defense so that there would be variety in her home-grown floor (*Continued on page* 86)

MILTON BERLE

Milton Berle is one man who's sure Mother Knows Best. Way back in his grade school days she knew him for what he was—a born comedian.

—and Something New

THE month of June belongs to brides. If a special friend or relative of yours is getting married, why not make her wedding cake? Give it to her for a wedding present.

Just make two angel cakes from the recipe given below for Bride's Cake. When they are done and have cooled, place them one on top of the other so that the tops meet at the center. Frost the entire cake and put a doily in the center to cover the hole. Fill it with flowers and leaves made of frosting, placed so that the stems and leaves fall down over the sides. This cake is especially nice for a home wedding or small reception. Here are directions for the Bride's Cake and some suggestions for what to serve afterwards.

WEDDING CAKE

5 cups sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or margarine
4 cups sugar
¾ tablespoon vanilla
2 cups milk
10 egg whites

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter until soft and smooth and gradually add sugar, beating until very fluffy; add vanilla. Add flour alternately with milk, beating until smooth after each addition; fold in egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Turn into 3 greased and lightly floured layer cake pans of different sizes, filling each about ½ full, and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. When cool, put layers together, pyramid style, with Butter Cream Frosting, spreading very smoothly. By forcing frosting through pastry tube, make a garland of white rosebuds around each layer and cover top with rosebuds. At the top place the tiny bride and groom figures. Yield: 3 graduated layers, 12, 9, 6 inches.

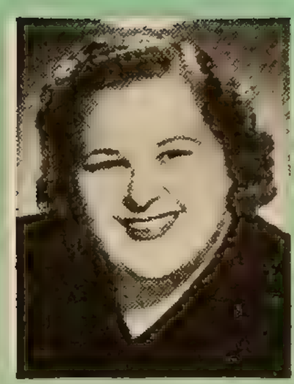
BRIDE'S CAKE

1 cup sifted cake flour
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup egg whites (8 to 10)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Wedding-festive, glamorous as a great-occasion cake should be, and easy to turn out at home with professional effectiveness.

BY
KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, on MBS network stations.

Sift flour with ¼ cup of the sugar; sift remaining sugar. Place egg whites in a large bowl and then whip with a beater until the eggs are frothy. Add salt, cream of tartar and vanilla, and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Gradually add remaining sugar, about 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Sprinkle flour, a little at a time, over egg whites and fold in lightly. Continue until flour is used. Turn into an ungreased 9-inch tube pan, and bake in a moderately slow oven (325° F.) for 1 hour. Allow cake to cool in pan, inverted, about 1 hour.

NOTE: Make this recipe twice for the bride's cake in the picture.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

¼ cup shortening
1 package (1 pound) confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon lemon, almond or vanilla extract
dash of salt
¼ cup milk (about)
vegetable coloring

Cream shortening until soft; gradually stir in 1 cup of the sugar. Then add the flavoring. Add the remaining sugar alternately with the milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Add only enough milk for proper spreading consistency. Color as desired with vegetable coloring. Makes enough for 8-inch layer cake.

NOTE: Make this recipe twice for frosting the Bride's Cake, as shown in picture.

Directions for decorating the Bride's Cake: Use the recipe for Butter Cream Frosting. Place the two angel food (*Continued on page* 100)

Retold for Radio Mirror—the story of a

Masquerade of Hearts is a novelette version, complete in this issue, of the story of Carl Ward and Phyllis Dineen, just as it was first heard in the radio episodes of the drama Young Dr. Malone. It is brought to you now for the first time in story form, an exclusive Radio Mirror Reader Bonus.

THE Malones had had a busy day. Anne had accompanied one of Jerry's patients, a very special and valuable patient, to the hospital in Lincoln Falls. Jerry himself had been in Lincoln Falls, broadcasting a reassurance to the people of Three Oaks and the surrounding countryside that their water supply was not, as had been suspected, contaminated. They had met at the broadcasting station and had driven home to Three Oaks together. Now, as Jerry stopped the car outside their house, Anne leaned over and kissed him.

"There!" she said. "Know what that's for?"

Tired as he was, Jerry couldn't help teasing her. "Does it have to be for something?"

"No," she said, "but it is. I was so proud of you when you were making your speech! You sounded as though you spoke on the radio every day of your life."

Jerry stretched—and every muscle seemed to creak with weariness. "I wonder if it's an easier way of earning

t man and a bitter woman, whom Young Dr. Malone could not help until they turned to each other

The Malones, watching Carl and Phyllis together, hoped these two would find out, in time, what they might mean to one another.

iving than being a doctor," he specited. "I'm glad it sounded all right you. You know, this morning when was trying to think what to say, I s so darned tired I just put down the t thing that came into my head. I cided not to say anything about Din-'s plot—just admit that there was nistake in the analysis of the water d let it go at that. If folks want make fun of me for making a mis-e—"

"They won't," said Anne softly. hey'll respect you for not trying to ame anybody. Come, let's get into e house before you fall asleep!"

Phyllis Dineen, who had been called to watch over their four-year-old l for the day, had seen them drive and was waiting for them, the door en. Phyllis—baby sitting . . . Anne ll found it hard to believe. The first ne she had seen Phyllis, some months fore, had been across a crowded om, and Phyllis had been regally aking her way out, dragging—*dragng*—a mink coat on the floor behind r. But circumstances—or Phyllis—d changed since then. She had left r father's huge house on the hill ove Three Oaks, left the mink coat d the shining, arrogant convertible, d moved in to stay with the widowed rs. Morrison next door to the Manes.

"Jerry, you were wonderful!" she eeted them. "Better than Sinatra. asn't he, Anne?"

"Thanks," Jerry grinned. "It's beuse I knew everything was in good nds here. How's our daughter? ere there any calls?"

"Fine," laughed Phyllis, taking the estions in order. "And, yes, there as a call, sort of. I mean, you had a sitor." She hesitated, her cheeks nged with pink. "He said he was an d friend—Carl Ward."

"Carl!" Jerry gasped. *"Here?"* said nne, and, as they moved inside, oked wildly around as if the visitor ight even then be concealed behind e furniture. "Did he say he would me back?"

"He said he might if he could," Phyls answered. "Only, I'm afraid I didn't ake a very good impression. I noced his stick and his limp, and I ought he was a patient—"

"He lost his foot in the war," Anne xplained softly. "I hardly know him, yself, but he and Jerry are old, old iends. He's been living down at the niversity near an old teacher of his. hen Jerry went down to see him rently, he just lit out—"

"You see," Jerry interrupted, "he was n awfully sensitive guy to begin with. ow—well, I guess it takes some getng used to."

"Oh!" said Phyllis—a soft little exlamation of pain and regret. "If—hen you see him again, please apoloize for me—"

"Forget it," said Jerry. "I just hope e comes back. No one else, though. m too dog-tired to see anyone else night. Now, if you girls will excuse me, I'm going up to take a bath."

Phyllis's eyes followed him up the stairs. Anne, watching her, felt pity tug at her heart. Poor Phyllis! When would she see that it was hopeless?

The doorbell rang, and they both jumped.

"Hey, Anne!" Jerry called from upstairs. "I bet that's Carl—"

"I've got to get out," said Phyllis, panicked. "The back way—"

"Wait." Anne stopped her. Something had clicked into place in her mind. Not a plan, hardly even a thought—but something. "If it is Carl, Phyllis," she said with a small smile, "don't you think you'd better stay and make your own apologies?"

Phyllis didn't want to stay. But she hesitated just a second too long; then Anne was opening the door. Over her shoulder Phyllis saw the finely drawn, sombre and undeniably handsome face of Carl Ward. "I hope I'm not intruding—" he began hesitantly.

Laughing, Anne drew him into the room. "We hope you're going to intrude for a long time. I believe you've met Miss Dineen?" They shook hands awkwardly. Anne's eyes danced from one to the other. "You're both staying for dinner, you know," she said. "Phyllis, I'll call Mrs. Morrison and tell her that you won't be home." She went out of the room, leaving behind her a strained silence.

Phyllis fumbled for a cigarette. Carl reached hurriedly for a match, struck it so hard that it broke, struck another.

"Nice country around here, isn't it?" he said desperately. "Very peaceful—"

"Very beautiful," said Phyllis. "I wish you could see it when it's green. Perhaps you will—" She broke off abruptly, realizing that she was being entirely too enthusiastic. Just because she'd blundered badly about his injury was no reason to fall all over him. In a different tone she added, "You knew Dr. Malone at college?"

Carl nodded. "We went to State together." He was looking at her curiously. "Excuse me—but did you say your name was—"

MASQUERADE OF HEARTS

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS at 1:30 P.M., EDT. Anne, whom you see on left, is played by Barbara Weeks; Jerry, (right) is Charles Irving.

"Dineen," said Phyllis.

"Any relation of—"

"His daughter," she answered shortly.

It was Carl's turn to feel that he had blundered. He was sensitive about his leg, and quick to feel a like sensitivity in others. Although why a girl should hesitate to admit to being the daughter of Roger Dineen, the most powerful man in the state, he didn't understand. It was a relief to hear Anne's quick footsteps returning.

"It's going to be a party," she announced brightly. "I invited Mrs. Morrison, too. It'll be her first time out since her pneumonia."

Phyllis rose quickly. "Then I'd better go over and help her dress. You will excuse me, won't you?" She was gone almost before the words were spoken. Bewildered and uncomfortable, Carl turned to Anne.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a social lion," he said. "I chased Miss Dineen away. All I did was ask her if her father was Roger Dineen."

"Nonsense!" said Anne. "You didn't chase her away. And you'll find her a very fine person, when you get to know her better. Jerry and I want you to stay with us for a while, Carl."

"Oh, no!" He looked almost shocked. "I mean—thanks very much, but I'm at a hotel down near the University, and—"

Jerry came down the stairs, freshly bathed and changed, innocent of Carl's arrival. He stopped, gaping, in the living room doorway, then burst out, "Good Lord!"

"Jerry." Carl tried awkwardly to rise. "I'm still not too good at getting out of a chair—"

Jerry wrung his hand. "Since when did you get so polite?" he demanded. "Sit still—"

"Jerry," Anne interrupted, "I want you to come right to the point with Carl. I'm having a little trouble with him. He wants to go back to the University without stopping over with us."

"That is out," said Jerry. "Definitely. I'll puncture your tires."

Carl shook his head. "After I beat it out on you that time you came down to see me at the University? I've wanted to explain—"

"Explain what?" asked Jerry quietly. "That you knew I'd ask you to stay with us and that C. Ward was too proud to make a friend offer something for old times' sake?"

"No." Carl hesitated. "You haven't got it quite right, Jerry. I was afraid to see you for fear *I'd* ask *you,* once we got to talking. Then you couldn't refuse—and I'm really not very good company these days, Jerry. I know that I shouldn't let the loss of a foot throw me, but it does. I—I guess I just haven't got what it takes—"

"Hey, Ward," said Jerry. "Shut *up!*"

Carl flushed. Then slowly he relaxed. Slowly, he began to smile. "You know," he said, "it's—it's a little like old times, isn't it?"

Anne brought them drinks, and went out to the kitchen to get dinner. Jill, having finished her supper, came in to inspect Carl, and approved of him to the extent of making her way onto his lap. Carl sipped his drink, sniffed the savoury odors emanating from the kitchen, and looked at Jerry over Jill's silken head.

"You lucky stiff," he said softly. "You lucky, lucky—"

"I know it," said Jerry. "But I don't mind admitting that I'll feel luckier after I've had my dinner. I'm starved. I—"

The telephone rang. Jerry answered, spoke briefly, and hung up. Anne came out of the kitchen, her eyes wide with distress.

"Jerry," she said. "It isn't a patient, now, before dinner—"

"Patient? No." Jerry was reaching for his hat, feeling in his pocket for the keys to his car. "It's Suggs. He's got Dineen and his secretary Burke in his office, and they want to talk about Ledderbe's confession. Hubert Leander Suggs," he explained swiftly to Carl, "is editor and publisher of the *News and Dispatch* in Lincoln Falls. A character, and a swell guy. Dineen and Burke and Ledderbe—well, I'll tell you some other time. Right now I've got to get to Suggs' office in Lincoln Falls."

"But, Jerry, your dinner!" Anne cried. But Jerry had gone. Anne turned to Carl. She was ready to cry from disappointment, but she managed a smile. "You see?" she said. "That's always the way . . ."

Dinner, even without Jerry, was on the surface a success. Whenever the conversation even threatened to lag, the plump and comfortable Mrs. Morrison carried it on, usually with fond reminiscences about the late Mr. Morrison. When she'd said "Mr. Morrison always—" for the dozenth time, Carl caught Phyllis' eye, and she smiled faintly at him. The gaze she turned upon Mrs. Morrison was affectionate and understanding; Carl suddenly found himself liking her a great deal more than he'd thought he would.

But there was an undercurrent that made him uneasy. He didn't like the way Anne and Mrs. Morrison kept looking at Phyllis and at him, and then at each other. After dinner, as soon as he decently could, he was glad to escape to the darkness and the privacy of the front porch.

The air was soft with spring, a night of dreams and moonlight. Carl told himself that he was watching for Jerry, but he found himself staring emptily at the pattern of leaves against the streetlamp on the corner. Then the door opened, and Phyllis came out to stand quietly beside him.

"If you'd like to be alone," she said, "just say so, and I'll vanish. I've been driven from the kitchen—Mrs. Morrison and Anne just wouldn't let me help with the dishes. As a matter of fact, I think I'm the object of a conspiracy . . . and you, too."

Carl lighted a cigarette, looked at her over the flare of the match. "Oh?"

"Yes. Only, I'm afraid I'm not very entertaining."

"Neither am I," said Carl. "I guess I've got to be sort of afraid of strangers."

"I have, too." As if drawn by a magnet, her gaze went past the little town, across the valley, up to the tall hills beyond. The hills where the big houses were, Carl thought. The estates—and among, them, probably, Roger Dineen's.

"Care to talk about it?" he asked quietly.

"Would you?" she countered. "About why you're afraid of strangers?"

He thought a moment. "No, I guess not. And perhaps that's best."

"Perhaps," she agreed. She moved restlessly. "I wonder what's keeping Jerry? He should have been back in a couple of hours. It's almost three since he left."

"Lucky guy," said Carl. "To have *two* pretty women waiting for him."

Phyllis stiffened. He couldn't have guessed, she thought, not from the little she had said. But he had guessed, and it was frightening to realize that he could read thoughts and emotions that she hardly dared admit to herself.

"You oughtn't say things like that!"

she said sharply. "Not even to joke." Then in a lower tone she added, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to speak that way."

"I'm sorry, too," said Carl. "I shouldn't have said what I did. I guess I'll go inside."

Phyllis was about to go with him, when, far down the street, she heard the motor of a car. She changed her mind. "I think I'll stay out a bit," she said, and as Carl went into the house, she left the porch, swiftly crossed the lawn. The car stopped before the house. As Jerry got out and started up the walk, Phyllis stepped out of the shadows.

"Phyllis!" he exclaimed. "Is that you? What happened to the party?"

"Anne and Mrs. Morrison are inside. Carl was out here for a while, but he just went in. I—I guess he got bored."

"You talked to Carl?" he asked. "What do you think? Do you think he's going to like it here?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I was careful not to ask any questions."

"But what was your impression?" he persisted.

"I don't know, really Jerry!" Her voice was sharp again. She didn't want to talk about Carl—not when Jerry was here, so close she could touch him. Not when everything inside her, and the bewitching night around them was pleading, insisting, driving her toward him.

"Phyllis, what's the matter? You sound down in the dumps, too."

She almost hated him then, because he could be so blind, so masculinely stupid. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing's the matter. I'm sorry I can't do a dance for you."

He looked at her closely, saw the real misery in her face, and his voice softened. "Hey, now, Phyl, that's a wisecrack. And you oughtn't make wisecracks at me—"

"I—" She couldn't take any more, couldn't stand another minute of it. "I'm going home. Tell Mrs. Morrison I'm tired. Tell her anything—" She started to run. He caught up with her, caught her wrist.

"Phyllis!"

"Let me go!" she cried low, passionately.

He turned her to face him, bent to look into her eyes. "Phyllis, you've got to tell me! What *is* the matter?"

She bit her lips hard, steadying herself. Finally she raised her head, looked him full in the face. "Isn't that a funny question for *you* to be asking?"

"I?" And then he saw it all. She'd been hurt before, she thought, many times, in her spoiled and empty life—but never like this. The shock in his eyes, the pity—they were too much to bear. "Oh, Phyllis!" he murmured despairingly. "Phyl—"

She pulled her wrist free. "You asked for it, didn't you?" she demanded. "Well—now you know. Please let me go home, now—and please don't pity me!"

"Phyllis—" But he spoke to the night alone. Her light dress was a pale shape swallowed up by the dark of the Morrison lawn.

Jerry went into the house. Carl had gone upstairs. Jerry fidgetted, refusing the warmed-over supper Anne laid out for him, until Mrs. Morrison had gone. Then he followed Anne into the kitchen, slipped his arms around her as she set his tray down on the sink.

"Remember me?" he said. "My name's Malone—same as yours. I live here, too."

She turned, and her arms went around him quickly. "I'm surprised you remember it," she said tenderly. "Darling, do you realize you've been on the go every minute . . . and that neither of us has had any sleep for something like seventy-two hours?"

He nodded. "I know, but right now, I'm lonesome. And it's a beautiful night. Could I invite you out to look at the stars with me?"

For an instant her eyes were puzzled; then she smiled demurely. "I'd love to—but you'll have to ask my husband."

"Who's he?" Jerry demanded. "That big, stupid-looking lunk leaning against the sink? Hey, you—mind if I take this little lady out for a walk in the moonlight? No? Okay—"

Anne laughed and slipped her hand in his. Outside, the enchantment of the night claimed her, too.

"What a lovely night, Jerry!" she breathed. "I never realized . . . You can kiss me, if you like."

"I like," he said fervently. He gathered her close; his kiss was hard and long and possessive. And something else besides—there was a question in it.

"All right, darling," she said gently when he released her. "Now you can tell me what's bothering you. Oh-h—" Jerry saw it at the same instant—the slight, pale figure, drifting aimlessly about on Mrs. Morrison's lawn.

"Let's go in," he whispered.

Four-year-old Jill is the daughter of Anne and Dr. Jerry Malone.

Quietly, like conspirators, they slipped back into the house. There Anne faced him, distress in her eyes. "I'm right, am I not?" she asked. "You had a talk with Phyllis tonight?"

Jerry sighed, and nodded.

She laid her hand on his arm, quickly. "It's Phyllis I'm concerned about. She's still very much in love with you—and she shouldn't be."

"Darned right, she shouldn't!" His voice was grim. "I used to think that the day would come when Phyllis would straighten herself out, meet some nice guy, get married. Now, well. . . . And I used to be pretty cocky about the situation here, the three of us, so close together. I used to think I could handle it all right. But it's beginning to give me the creeps. Poor thing—her father's terrific personality has certainly made a mess of her life. What a shame that all his intelligence and force couldn't have accomplished something constructive instead of earning his own daughter's suspicion and darn near breaking her heart!"

"Jerry—haven't you thought about Carl?"

"Carl—" Their eyes met; then he shook his head, smiling faintly. "Anne, sweetheart, nothing would please me more, but you can't just throw two people together and order them to fall in love—"

She straightened indignantly. "I'm not throwing just *any* two people together, Jerry Malone! But don't you see—Phyllis and Carl *need* each other. They've both been crippled, each in his own way. Phyllis with too much money and her life with her father, and Carl with the loss of his foot. It's a natural—"

"I'd like to think so," Jerry sighed. "As a matter of fact, I've had a thought or two about Carl myself. When I talked with Suggs this evening—"

"Suggs!" Anne interrupted. "Jerry, you haven't told me what he wanted!"

"So I didn't! This Phyllis business threw me off—" He yawned suddenly, uncontrollably. "Anne, can we let it go until morning? I'm just so knocked-out tired, I—" He yawned again, and Anne laughed and turned him firmly toward the stairs.

She had plans of her own. In the morning when she went downstairs to get Jerry's breakfast, she found Carl up before her, taking the morning sun in the back yard. He opened the door of the trap himself by remarking that it was a beautiful day. It was, Anne agreed innocently—just the right day for a drive in the country. Mrs. Pillar, who was coming to clean that afternoon, would take care of Jill, and, since Jerry would be at the hospital in Lincoln Falls all day, would Carl care to drive her around a bit? Carl said that he would be delighted. Later, after he had breakfasted with Jerry and had returned to his room, Anne crossed the yard to Mrs. Morrison's. It was a wonderful day for a drive, she told Phyllis, and was careful not to mention that Carl would be with them until Phyllis had accepted. And then, especially since they would be taking Carl's car, Phyllis could hardly back out. Feeling every inch the successful strategist, Anne went home to prepare salad and sandwiches for a picnic lunch.

But the picnic failed dismally. Somehow, Anne was maneuvered into the place between (*Continued on page* 96)

Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
For Correct CENTRAL DAYLIGHT TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Voices Down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Negro College Choir Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson On Trial	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	William L. Shirer American Radio Warblers Stan Lomax	Sam Pettengill Stewart Alsop, News National Vespers	Doorway To Life Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Musical Program Robert Merrill	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around the World Mr. President, Drama	CBS Is There Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee's Omega Show Juvenile Jury	Lassie Drama The Alamanac Sammy Kaye	CBS Symphony Orch.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Speak Up America Thinking Allowed Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air	Eileen Farrell
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Treasury Agent David Harding	Janette Davis Here's to You Hour of Charm

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Local Programs	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Billy Rose	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parky's Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Shorty Bell with Mickey Rooney
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Strings Latin American Serenade	Jimmie Fidler	Escape Strike It Rich

JANE WILSON—interviewed Fred Waring for a paper, so he interviewed her and hired her as vocalist.

GOODMAN ACE—resigned his specially created CBS post, Supervisor of Comedy and Variety, last winter to bring Mr. Ace and Jane back to friends they had made in fourteen air years as Easy Aces. Now, as before, this former Kansas City newspaper columnist, who gave up his executive work at CBS because he "didn't want to become a desk jockey," writes his own script. The program is heard on the CBS network, Saturdays, 7:00 P.M., EDT.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do Your Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White The Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Harold Turner	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Liberty Road Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Mary Osborn Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Charlie Chan Billy Rose	Point Sublime Twelve Players	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Quiet Please	On Stage America Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	This Is Adventure Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Players

MARION HUTTON—is being heard now with Andy Russell on the All Star Revue, Thursdays 8:00 P.M., EDT, over Mutual's network. Marion's career began when she came east from Detroit to visit her sister, Betty, in Boston. An audition by Glenn Miller got her the vocalist spot in his band, with which she toured for two years. Next, she soloed in radio and on stage and screen and began to make recordings. She makes her evening gowns.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Jack Almand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	 Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	 Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh Johnson Family Misc. Programs Harold Turner	 Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Tales of Adventure Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	 Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Lennie Herman Quintet H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Newscope Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective Billy Rose	Youth Asks the Government Edwin D. Cantham America's Town Meeting of the Air	Big Town Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Zane Grey	Boston Pops Orch.	We, The People Christopher Wells
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	 Dance Orchestra	Let Freedom Ring It's In The Family	Studio One

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Jack Almand Trio
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life Joyce Jordan	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	 Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	 Red Hook 31	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Robert Hurleigh The Johnson Family Harold Turner	 Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	March of Science Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	 Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Adrian Rollini Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Arthur Gaeth Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve 	Encore Theater High Adventure Billy Rose	Mayor of The Town Vox Pop	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Racket Smashers	Abbott and Costello	Mark Warnow Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	Opinion-Aire California Melodies	Bing Crosby Gordon MacRae	The Whistler Open Hearing

ROD O'CONNOR—who is fast becoming one of Hollywood's busiest men, announces four top NBC programs: Red Skelton Show, People Are Funny, A Day in the Life of Dennis Day and Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge. Rod can be seen in the new movie, "You Are So Lovely" and is working on another, "The Gallant Man." He was raised in Texas, attended New Mexico Military Institute, is married and has two sons.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Jack Almand Trio
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music for You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		Dorothy Kilgallen	David Harum
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Bill Harrington	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	U. S. Service Band		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15	Quartet	Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen for a Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Harold Turner		
5:00	When a Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Gateways to Music
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			Of Men and Books
6:30		Local Program	Local Programs	The Chicagoans
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Lawrence Welk	Newscope	Henry Morgan Show	Bob Crosby Show
7:45		Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	Revere Revue	Candid Microphone	The F.B.I. in Peace and War
8:15		Background For Stardom		
8:30	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Talent Hunt	Ellery Queen	Mr. Keen
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	Al Jolson	Gabriel Heatter	Willie Piper	Dick Haymes
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Jack Carson and Eve Arden	RFD America	The Clock	Crime Photographer
9:45				
10:00	Bob Hawk Show	Family Theatre	Child's World	Reader's Digest Radio Edition
10:15				
10:30	Eddie Cantor		Lenny Herman Quintet	The First Nighter

MAURICE TARPLIN—now heard as Inspector Faraday of WOR's Boston Blackie program, was educated at Phillips Exeter, Harvard and William and Mary. Boston-born Maurice came to New York 11 years ago; won recognition with his impersonations of the famous for The March of Time; prizes his two collections, a series of recordings of the voices of statesmen and a list of 25 best restaurants.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers
8:45				Jack Almand Trio
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Ozark Valley Folks		Oklahoma Roundup
9:30	Clevelandaires			
9:45	Nelson Olmsted			
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music for You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan		The Listening Post	David Harum
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Bill Harrington	Tom Breneman	Arthur Godfrey
11:15	Katie's Daughter	Tell Your Neighbor		
11:30	Jack Berch	Heart's Desire	Galen Drake	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton		Ted Malone	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Victor H. Lindlahr		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Campus Salute		Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	U. S. Marine Band	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00	Today's Children	Queen for a Day	Maggi McNellis	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15	Woman in White			Perry Mason
2:30	Story of Holly Sloan	Martin Block Show	Bride and Groom	This is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			Rose of My Dreams
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful		Ladies Be Seated	Double or Nothing
3:15	Ma Perkins			
3:30	Pepper Young	Red Hook 31	Paul Whiteman Club	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Robert Hurleigh		Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Harold Turner		
5:00	When a Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Dick Tracy	Opinion Please
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Superman	Terry and Pirates	
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Captain Midnight	Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Lum 'n' Abner

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody	Local Programs		Report from the United Nations
6:30				Songs By Jean McKenna
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Alvin Helfer	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith
7:30	Mary Osborne Trio	Henry J. Taylor	Lone Ranger	Bob Crosby Show
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Highways in Melody	Burl Ives	The Fat Man	Baby Snooks
8:15		Alan Dale Show		
8:30	Can You Top This	Leave It to the Girls	This Is Your FBI	Danny Thomas
8:55		Billy Rose		
9:00	People Are Funny	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Morgan, Ameche, Langford
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Waltz Time	Information Please	The Sheriff	Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet
9:45				
10:00	Mystery Theater	Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	Dinah Shore- Harry James Show
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Tex Beneke		Spotlight Revue

EVELYN MAC GREGOR—was first starred as a dancer by her brothers in their vaudeville troupe when she was seven but soon gave up dancing for singing and was heard on the air from Los Angeles ten years later. She studied for opera and sang in New York and on tour in the United States and Canada. Returned to radio, she is now heard on NBC's Waltz Time and the American Album of Familiar Music.

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Story Shop		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Songs for You
9:30	Mind Your Manners	Robert Hurleigh		
9:45		Practical Gardner		Barnyard Follies
10:00	Frank Merriwell	Dixie Four Quartet		The Garden Gate
10:15				Washington Wives
10:30	Archie Andrews	Ozark Valley Folks	Hollywood Headlines	Mary Lee Taylor
10:45			Saturday Strings	
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Teen Timer's Club	Land of the Lost	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Misc. Programs	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs	This Week in Washington		
12:30	Coffee With Congress	Pro Arte Quartet	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon	Grand Central Sta.
1:15				
1:30	Edmond Tomlinson	Symphonies for Youth	Speaking of Songs	County Fair
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00	Music For The Moment		Fascinating Rhythm	Give and Take
2:15				
2:30	The Veterans' Journal		Hitching Post Variety	Country Journal
2:45				
3:00	Orchestra of the Nation	Hospitality Club	Piano Playhouse	Report from Overseas
3:15				Adventures in Science
3:30		Sports Parade	ABC Symphony Orch.	Cross-Section U.S.A.
3:45				
4:00	Doctors Today	Horse Race		Sports Broadcasts
4:15		Charles Slocum		
4:30	First Piano Quartet		Sports in Review	Make Way For Youth
4:45		First Church of Christ Science		
5:00	Dr. I. Q. Jr.	Lone Wolf	Treasury Band Show	
5:15	Lew Valentine			
5:30	Swanee River Boys	True or False	Melodies to Remember	Local Programs
5:45	King Cole Trio		Dorothy Guldheim	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Dance Orchestra	Vagabonds' Quartet	News from Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		Bible Messages	In My Opinion
6:30	NBC Symphony		Harry Wismer	Red Barber Sports Show
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Quisdom Class	Mr. Ace and Jane
7:15				
7:30	Curtain Time	Newscope	Challenge of the Yukon	Abe Burrows
7:45		Twin Views of the News		Hoagy Carmichael
8:00	Life of Riley	Twenty Questions	Ross Dolan, Detective	Robert Montgomery, Suspense
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Stop Me If You've Heard This	Famous Jury Trials	
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Keeping Up With the Kids	Gangbusters	Joan Davis Time
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show	What's the Name of That Song	Murder and Mr. Malone	Vaughn Monroe
9:45				
10:00	Kay Kyser	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz	Saturday Night Serenade
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	It Pays To Be Ignorant

SHIRLEY MITCHELL—is heard as Martha on Tales of Willie Piper, Thursdays, 9 P.M., EDT, over ABC. Born in Toledo, Ohio, she played summer stock while a University of Michigan student; tried radio in Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and Hollywood, where she played Alice Darling in Fibber McGee and Molly and Leila Ransom in The Great Gildersleeve. She came to New York to marry Dr. J. H. Frieden.

It's Here!

SINCE most living rooms were not designed by theater architects, it may be a bit of a problem to decide just where to place that television set you've been thinking about. The Crosley people have offered an interesting solution to that problem of set location by manufacturing an all-purpose television set with what they call the "Swing-a-view" picture tube. The tube is mounted so that it will swivel over a 60-degree angle, thus permitting a view from either right or left. When not in use, the tube and mounting swivel into the cabinet so that no controls or tubes are visible. The set comes in mahogany and has a record player, radio and record storage space.

Crosley's "Swing-a-view."

* * *

Just as good, healthy competition has forced down the prices of small "midget" radio sets, competition in the phonograph needle field has also resulted in lower-priced needles for the consumer. If you prefer a sapphire tipped record needle for your set, then you'll be interested in knowing that the Duotone Company is now manufacturing a bent-shank needle that will list for only 99 cents. The reproductive quality is comparable to higher-priced sapphire point needles. The record shop on the corner has them in stock.

* * *

Another low-priced table model radio: Regal Electronics is now marketing a set that is only 10 inches x 7¼ inches x 6 inches. It's in a bakelite plastic cabinet and has a 5-inch speaker and built-in antenna. It's $9.75.

* * *

For those who've been looking for a table model radio set that will give console performance, Stewart Warner has a new set with six shortwave bands and a standard broadcasting band. It's in a beautiful cabinet of natural American walnut with a "smoke finish" that will blend with many types of furnishings. The lines are modern, the performance excellent and the price $179.50.

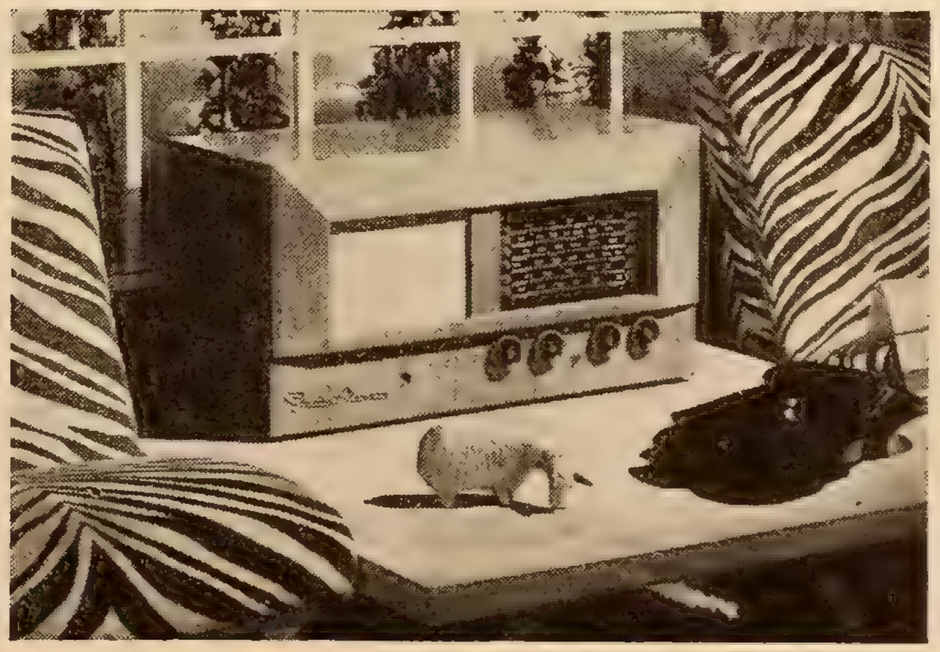


Table model, console performance: Stewart Warner.

Traveler OF THE Month

MRS. NEWMAN BRANDON
NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Big Mother" to her pupils

Tommy Bartlett is the m.c. who "welcomes travelers."

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Who's traveling, and why? ABC's Welcome Travelers helps Radio Mirror to find out, in this new series

THE hundreds of handicapped children whom she taught to speak call Mrs. Newman Brandon, of Nashville, Tenn., "Big Mother." I learned the reasons for that when I interviewed her on Welcome Travelers. And because of what I learned, Mrs. Brandon is my choice as this month's "Traveler of the Month." Let me tell you her story.

She's a woman whose life story is one of service, whose achievement is the laughter of happy children. She's one of the thousands of travelers who have stopped to visit with us at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago.

First, though, let me tell you why this gracious, attractive Southern lady was traveling. She had been out in Los Angeles visiting one of her four sons, an Army officer. They had been together on Christmas, for the first time in years. And Christmas had a very special meaning for Mrs. Brandon, because her son had been wounded during the war.

"I'll never forget," she told me, "the night I got the telegram saying that he had been injured. I had been attending a prayer meeting in Nashville with the parents of wounded soldiers. As far as I knew, my own boy was all right, but I was praying for the others."

Finally, the meeting was over. Mrs. Brandon had done all she could do for the other, grieving mothers. She went home, but the words and thoughts of the prayers echoed on inside her. At home, a telegram awaited her. As Mrs. Brandon recalled:

"The shock was terrible. I don't think I ever could have gotten through the next few days if I hadn't been sustained by the prayers I had just been saying."

But that was only part of her story—a setting for the really important story about Mrs. Brandon. As she stood before our ABC microphone and chatted with great poise, I remarked on the excellence of her diction.

"Well, I've always been interested in speech," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I teach speech to handicapped youngsters. I've been doing it for the past thirty years."

Mrs. Brandon told me that as a young girl she'd attended speech classes herself, and always had wanted to work with those children who, with imperfect speech, or no speech, were facing tragic lives. One day, she began giving lessons to such a child in her own home, and she's been doing it ever since.

Children who stutter or stammer, little boys with cleft palates, little girls with birth injuries—all these came to her home. With patience and unceasing practice she trains them to make themselves understandable. And one of the first things they all learn to say is "Big Mother"—their name for Mrs. Brandon. In fact, there is a good-sized group of the children of Mrs. Brandon's early pupils to whom she is "Big Grandmother."

On Welcome Travelers we like to have our guests pass on some of the lessons in life they've learned to our listeners. Her success in helping handicapped children to equip themselves for normal living made Mrs. Brandon's advice particularly valuable to parents who might be facing such a problem.

"The most important thing," Mrs. Brandon said, "is—give that child all of the love that's in you. Don't make him feel left out of things. Treat him as if he were a perfect child during the long pull while those speech defects are being treated."

I was glad that the magic of radio had given the rest of America the chance to share Mrs. Brandon with fortunate Tennessee, and that this "Big Mother" was one of our very welcome travelers.

Welcome Travelers is heard at 12 Noon, EDT, Monday through Friday, on ABC.

Every face sends out its own magic

The delightful magic of her friendly self comes right out to meet you in Mrs. John Roosevelt's lovely face.

Nothing reveals the *inner You* so truly as your face. It can send out from you an aura of brightness that makes everyone happier just for seeing you. But—to keep your face lovely, you need to give it help.

Never miss the precious few minutes of daily care that keep your skin clear and bright. Especially now, when fashion says complexions should look softly pink and pretty, your face cleansings should be *particular*. The new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's will set your skin glowing like a rose—freshen it, soften it beautifully!

Try it on you—tonight!

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

Before her marriage to the late President Roosevelt's son, she was the popular Anne Clark of Boston . . . The minute she enters a room you are captured by the charm that radiates from her witching face.

"this new Outside-Inside face treatment gives wonderful results," she says

No face in the world is just a blank! In your face others see the true expression of the *inner You.*

Don't, don't dim it by halfway care. This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream gives the lovely, *thorough* beauty-cleansings faces *need.*

Acts on both sides of your skin

As with a window pane, it is not enough to clean your skin on one side only. From study of the needs of facial skin, Pond's brings you this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that *acts on both sides of your skin.*

From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream works for you. It wraps softly around surface dirt, and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them *cleanly* away, as you tissue off.

From the Inside—each step of this treatment stimulates skin circulation. Tiny blood vessels speed up their important work.

Twice daily, *always* at bedtime, give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—*this way:*

Hot Water Stimulation

Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) Cleanse . . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

More women use Pond's than any other face cream

2) Rinse . . . With more Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Freshener Stimulation

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Look now at your face, pink-flushed—prettier! Yes—*this* is beauty care you'll never want to skip—because *it works!*

Remember . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. Beauty's self-disciplines can make your whole personality grow. When you look lovely—you feel a happy confidence. It sends a magic sparkle out from you that brings the real YOU closer to others.

* * * * *

Don't be Half-safe!

by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

* * * * *

I Walked Into $22,500

(*Continued from page* 43)

me. And I certainly gasped "Jack Benny" when he asked me to name the Walking Man. But I can't remember another thing, though everyone else heard Mr. Edwards say, "You're not going to cry on me, are you?" and I must have answered something to that. About all I really recall is the shriek my neighbor gave: "Mrs. Hubbard won! Mrs. Hubbard won!" It came through the walls at me. And it was like a signal for Christmas, the Fourth of July, and an old-fashioned election night rolled into one.

Austin is a quiet little suburb of Chicago, and my street is a quiet little part of it. But not that night. Neighbors, reporters, photographers, friends, and a couple of thousand complete strangers seemed suddenly to have fallen from the sky. In fact, inside of twenty minutes the Austin police sent around two squad cars of officers to try to keep the strangers at least from breaking down my door. I wanted the neighbors there. And who could possibly have kept the reporters and photographers away?

MY LITTLE apartment buzzed like a hive and seemed about to burst its seams. On and on rang the telephone; someone would answer it, and then off it would go again Flash bulbs popped, hands moved me from chair to phone, sat me down, stood me up—"Just one more, Mrs. Hubbard. Smile now. That's right—show you're excited. Are you going to Hollywood? What difference will this make in your life? Are you going to keep it all? How're you going to pay the $8,000 income tax on the stuff?"

Do you blame me for being just a bit flustered?

My heart was beating like mad. I guess I even cried a little, I don't remember. They told me later I'd gone on saying "It's wonderful. I never expected it. Nothing like this ever happened to me before!" That was true—I never had expected anything so wonderful, ever. And when I began to make sense out of what I had won, I knew nothing like that had ever happened to *anyone* before. Just look!—

A home laundry, consisting of washer, drier and automatic ironer.

$1,000 diamond and ruby watch.

New four-door Cadillac sedan.

Gas kitchen range.

16mm. motion picture sound projector and screen, with a print of a current film to be delivered every month for a year.

Two-weeks vacation for two at Sun Valley, Idaho, all expenses paid.

$1,000 diamond ring.

Vacuum cleaner with all attachments.

RCA-Victor console FM and AM radio-phonograph combination and television set.

Gas refrigerator.

All-metal venetian blinds for every room in the house.

Paint job for the house, inside and out.

Complete wardrobe for every season of the year.

15-cubic-foot heavy duty home or farm freezer filled with frozen foods.

All-metal Luscomb Silvaire standard 65 airplane.

Installation of ceramic tile in kitchen and bathroom.

Furniture to fill dining room and two bedrooms.

Deluxe trailer coach with modern kitchen and sleeping quarters for four.

Typewriter.

$1,000 Persian lamb coat.

Aluminum boat complete with outboard motor.

Piano.

Two years' supply of sheets and pillow cases for every bed in the house.

Choice of $500 worth of electric home appliances.

Electric blanket for every bed in the house.

Three suits apiece for every man in the immediate family.

Desk console electric sewing machine.

One thing, though, I was sure of. I was Cinderella, and this was—what else could it be?—a fairy-tale, but I knew that essentially my way of living would go on being the same. I'd be at the store, if they wanted me, on Monday. And Hollywood? Only if I could be spared from my job.

It was Mr. Pirie himself, John T. Pirie, descendant of one of Carson's founders, who gave me the answer to that question. He outwaited that ringing phone, and sometime—it must have been very late—he got through to me, and said that I absolutely *was* going to Hollywood to meet Ralph Edwards and be on the show, and with Carson's blessing.

Oh, how tired I was when I finally closed the door on my last visitor. And oh, how happy! Someone, somewhere, had certainly waved a wand over me. How different this weekend was from the one I'd toiled my way home to!

Sunday was really a most thrilling day. Out of everywhere, out of nowhere, came old friends to see me, people I'd been out of touch with for months, sometimes for many years. They had heard the program and came to congratulate me, and we talked on and on about old times and had ourselves a wonderful time. The relaxation was a welcome let-down after all the excitement.

AND Monday, with one detour, I went downtown to the store as usual. The detour was to see an eye specialist, for the exploding flash bulbs had left me with "Kleig eyes." Like a Hollywood celebrity! But I found when I got to the store that there was no question of work. All my friends were lined up and waiting, and you can't pretend the kind of happiness they all felt for my good fortune. I knew every one of them rejoiced with me. I knew, when they said "Mrs. Hubbard, we're *so glad* for you," that they meant it from their hearts. And my own . . . well, my own was pretty full.

Then came one of the biggest thrills I've yet had. The store gave a big, glamorous, exciting luncheon—for *me!* With Bruce MacLeish, Mr. Pirie, and the other executives, as well as my co-workers, all sharing my good luck with me, I felt like more than Cinderella; I felt like a queen. And then, as a really final answer on whether or not I was going to Hollywood, Carson's gave me new luggage and a complete, wonderful trousseau for my trip. Now I had to go!

By the time I'd fought my way through the crowds—and some more thousands of people had turned up to jam Carson's just as they'd crowded my apartment the night before, so that special police had to be called again—I knew I was really tired. Thanks to

my nephews, I escaped in time to get a little rest. They took me to a hotel, and rest and relax I did. Also I did some planning for the big adventure ahead—my three-thousand-mile trip to Hollywood.

Never having been West before, I decided not to fly but to go by train, to see as much of the country as possible. And to make it last as long as possible, and arrive as rested as possible, not just any train, I discovered, would do for me. No indeed; my covered wagon was to be the dazzlingly famous Santa Fe Super Chief! And luckily, I'd have company on the trip. Virginia Marmaduke, Chicago Sun-Times reporter who seemed by this time like an old and dear friend, had been assigned to come along with me, and I was told that I could have a traveling companion of my own choice as well. I chose Mrs. Albert C. Dodds, the daughter of my dearest friend.

"Rested" wasn't, after all, exactly the word for the way I felt when I stepped off the Super Chief. I'd had time to rest, it's true—time to rest, to chat with Virginia Marmaduke and with all the nice people on the train who were so excited and happy for me. But I was too excited to be really rested. Besides, I kept turning over and over in my mind one thought: "Florence Hubbard, you've got to be practical about this! Just exactly what are you going to do with all those prizes? What are you going to do with two rooms of tile work, for instance? Or an airplane, for goodness sakes! Somebody's sure to ask you, so you'd better make up your mind what you want to keep!"

I THOUGHT there'd been excitement enough in Chicago to last a normally quiet-living woman like me for the rest of my life, but I just didn't know what excitement was until we got to California. Just like jumping from the frying pan into the fire, it was, but don't think I didn't enjoy every minute of it just the same! I wonder, looking back on it now, where on earth I got the energy, the get-up-and-go it took to do everything they had planned for me, but I certainly had a reserve of it stored up somewhere—and I tapped that reserve right down to the dregs!

When I got off the train, there was a big crowd of people, and everyone shook hands and congratulated me and everyone introduced everyone else so fast I couldn't possibly get any of the names, until I felt as if my head might begin to whirl 'round and 'round and eventually fly right off. But fortunately I was rescued—there was a big and shiny limousine waiting—with a chauffeur to drive me!—and I was whisked into that and we drove away.

"Where are we going now?" I asked Virginia.

"To a very famous Hollywood restaurant," she told me, "to have lunch with Ann Daggett and Mac St. Johns—they're the Hollywood editor and managing editor of Radio Mirror Magazine, and they're going to help us get together the Hollywood part of your story for Radio Mirror."

About that time we pulled up in front of the restaurant, and I found out that it was called L'Aiglon. That sort of made me feel at home, because we have a very nice L'Aiglon restaurant in Chicago, too. Somehow it was extra nice to have my first luncheon in Hollywood there—bridged the gap between the known and the unknown I told Ann and Mac, when I met them.

They were as nice as could be to me, and explained they'd help me all they

This is the Fable of Mrs. Gray and the WASHDAY REBELLION. . . .

Mrs. Gray was a careful housekeeper—except on WASHDAY. Any SOAP, real or imitation, that made SUDS suited her. . . .

When neighbors whispered, "TATTLE-TALE GRAY," she wasn't worried. Even when best friends mentioned FELS-NAPTHA SOAP, she ignored them. . . .

One day Mrs. Gray hung out her HALF-CLEAN WASH and went inside to REST. Suddenly she looked out the window—and was HORRIFIED! . . . she was being PICKETED! Her neglected clothes demanded BETTER WASHING CONDITIONS!

Mrs. Gray hustled the INDIGNANT PICKETERS down to the LAUNDRY. . . for some COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. Then she flew to the 'phone. Ordered LOTS and LOTS of FELS-NAPTHA. In a RUSH. . . .

Next day Mrs. Gray's WASH swung gayly on the LINE—CLEAN and WHITE—just like her neighbors'!

Moral—Don't let your wash line become a picket line. Change to golden Fels-Naptha—bar or chips, today.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

R M

be at your best

all the time with Tampax!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Perhaps you'll say Nature is against you *part* of every month — at least during those "belt-and-pin days" which you think you can't escape. *Well, you are wrong!* The miracle-product Tampax was invented for just such women as you—those who hate to face the recurring monthly problem of sanitary protection.

Tampax is different — distinctly different. Worn *internally*, it takes advantage of the principle of "internal absorption," familiar to every physician. And *how* Tampax *does* absorb! Although it is many times smaller than the external-pad-type, it is on the other hand made of pure surgical absorbent cotton. And being compressed in patented applicator, Tampax is quickly inserted. (Your hands need not even touch the Tampax.)

Here is a brief summary of Tampax features. No belts, no pins, no chafing, *no odor*. Easily disposable. You can't even *feel* Tampax while wearing it. No need to remove it for tub or shower—nor for swimming. Sold at drug stores, notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

could with my story, because they knew even better than I did how busy I was going to be in Hollywood.

Right after lunch, "Next stop, Ralph Edwards' Truth or Consequences office in Hollywood," Virginia told me, "to get all the arrangements made."

"What arrangements?" I asked.

"Well, there's your appearance on Truth or Consequences tomorrow night," she said, ticking them off on her fingers, "and you're going to be on the Jack Benny Show Sunday, and—"

"Will they tell me what to say?" I asked anxiously.

I needn't have worried. Mr. Edwards made everything so clear about my part in the program the next night that I began to have the feeling that I'd been in this business a long time, too! And then, when the arrangements were all made, there came that question I'd known was coming.

"Mrs. Hubbard," he asked me, "have you made up your mind what disposition you're going to make of all those prizes? Of course, there'll probably be some you can't, or don't want to use. What do you think?"

I found that, somewhere along the line, I *had* made up my mind—at least about most of the prizes.

"I'm not going to take up flying at my age," I told him, laughing. "So I guess I'll sell the airplane. And the Cadillac, too. And the sound projector and screen—none of those seem to fit into life in a two-room apartment in Chicago. As for those two rooms of tile work—"

"We can fix that up for you," Mr. Edwards said. "Let's solve that problem by sending you a check for the labor costs of installing the tile. As for the tile itself, you can dispose of that any way you see fit."

"My nephew, Eber Hubbard, will know what to do about that," I told him. Honestly, I don't know what I would have done without Eber! It's a mighty handy thing to have a lawyer in the family, I always say, and when the lawyer is a good businessman, too—well, that makes it doubly handy!

"The fur coat," I told Mr. Edwards, "I'll certainly keep. My old one has seen better days, and those Chicago winters of ours really call for a fur coat! And I'll keep the television set—now I'll be able to watch the fights, and I love them. And the electric blanket will come in handy on cold nights."

I suppose a lot of people feel the way I did about radio programs—everyone sounds so relaxed and pleasant on the air that you're likely to get the idea that putting on a big network program is a simple business. What a completely wrong idea that is, as I found out on Saturday!

Not only did we rehearse for the Truth or Consequences program, but for the Jack Benny Show the following day as well. We rehearsed *and* rehearsed—but everything went off well, I think. At least, both Ralph Edwards and Jack Benny said it did. In fact, after the broadcast on Sunday Mr. Benny paid me the nicest compliment ever.

"You performed just like an experienced trouper," he told me. "In fact, you almost stole the show!" Pretty strong words from a man like Mr. Benny to a rank amateur like me!

I had a lot of fun on that program, and everything was so well-planned that it made answering the questions easy. For instance, he asked me if I were thinking of getting married again, now that I had all these things that go to make up a home.

"No, now that I have all this, I don't feel that I need a husband!" I told him.

"But won't you be lonely?" he wanted to know.

Right there I remembered one of the phrases they had used earlier in the program, and I answered back, "Lonely—but loaded!" and had the wonderful experience of hearing the studio audience roaring with laughter.

After the program, Mary Livingstone put her arm around me and told me that everyone was so happy that such a nice person had won the contest. "Chicago couldn't have a better representative," she declared.

I felt tears start into my eyes, and what I said to her in answer came straight from my heart. "Everyone has been so wonderful to me! I don't believe this fairy story could come true in any other country but America, do you?"

I WENT, right after the broadcast, to Ralph Edwards' beautiful home. We had tea before the fire in the Edwards' lovely early American living room, and I met Mrs. Edwards—she immediately insisted that I call her Barbara, and brought the three charming children in to meet me, too. Christine is five, Gary two-and-a-half, and baby Lauren just eighteen months old. Christine surveyed me solemnly and I apparently passed muster, for she broke into a big smile and assured me that she was "awfully glad you guessed the Walking Man!"

The rest of the time spent in California was hectic but absolutely wonderful. On Monday, for instance, I was taken over to the Paramount Pictures lot. I met a very charming blonde girl there and we snatched a moment to sit down and chat. I told her how tired I was from all the rushing here and there and the excitement, and she was as sweet and sympathetic as could be. In a few minutes she said she was pretty busy herself, and had to leave. After she was gone, I asked, "Who was that?"

And what do you suppose the answer was? "Veronica Lake!" I guess she *is* pretty busy!

Tuesday I did something I'd been promising myself I'd do—something I thought of myself, and wanted to do with all my heart. I drove down to the Long Beach Naval Hospital and saw and talked with some of the veterans. Believe me, an experience like that makes the other things that happen seem pretty trivial to you.

Later in the week, San Francisco was on the itinerary. Then one day in Los Angeles for a round of goodbyes—and I really felt as if I were taking leave of old friends.

As for that Sun Valley vacation—two weeks with all expenses paid—that was one of the prizes, as I told my nephew, "I've gone so many places and seen so many things, I think I'll postpone that for a while, until going someplace will be a real treat to me again, and I can enjoy it to the fullest."

So now I'm back in Chicago—back to my old life, my old routine—but perfectly contented and happy with it, let me assure you. Somehow, I don't think I'll ever be lonely again. I've learned that people are good and kind and wonderful, and I have too many things to live over in my dreams, too many delightful experiences to remember, ever to have time for loneliness again!

Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page* 55)

network operation, incorporating the flexibility developed over more than 20 years of radio broadcasting. It will be possible to mix at will the camera and microphone output of any studio program with film and program content from another studio, or from local remote points and network points. Either of the two studio control rooms, or Master Control will be able to exercise multi-channel control depending on the needs of the broadcast.

* * *

A committee established by the three operating stations in Washington, D.C., to determine the number of television sets installed there, has announced that some 7,300 TV sets privately owned were located in greater Washington.

* * *

There's an idea kicking around to keep commercials out of television, protagonists of the idea holding out for a meter or tax system of paying for television entertainment as you use it, very much the way you pay for your gas and electric, or your telephone.

* * *

Folks in the radio world out in Hollywood are convinced that budgets for television will come out of current air appropriations. Radio advertising budgets are being trimmed already and, by 1949, Hollywood expects that $10,000 will be ceiling on the cost of a network show. They're basing their forecasts on the number of big budget radio stanzas that are folding. Fanny Brice and the Corliss Archer program have already got the ax, in spite of Hooper and Nielsen ratings, and radio people out in filmland believe that the cut-backs have only begun. With more and more money being channeled to television advertising, the fellahs think that by 1955, video will have reduced radio to a minor field, like the one occupied by FM now.

Well, the world is changing all the time and who's to say that isn't good?

Coming Next Month

A visit with those specialists in the art of family living . . . the DON McNEILLS

* * *

The Wife in the Life of DENNIS DAY . . . and how she got there

* * *

Earmarked for every citizen: FOUR PAGES of RADIO NEWSMEN who will tell you what goes on at those most important events of the season—the national political conventions

All in exciting color. All—and much more—in the JULY ISSUE of RADIO MIRROR on sale June 9th

Discovery!
called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists
Vitone
now in
Jergens
Face Cream

Now for you...a skin that inspires romance. Yours with Vitone-enriched Jergens Face Cream. The skin-smoother called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists. Thrill to the way it cleanses, softens your skin to new beauty.

Like four beauty aids in one jar: Jergens Face Cream is all-purpose. Enriched with Vitone, costs no more than ordinary creams.

A CLEANSER.....
A SOFTENER.....
A DRY-SKIN CREAM..
A POWDER BASE.....

Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved: "Softer, smoother, fresher" with Jergens Face Cream enriched with Vitone.

Bride and Groom

(*Continued from page* 50)

continued. "We found out that, when you're truly in love, absence really does make the heart grow fonder," Ilse said. "I think we grew more in love with every letter. But always there were those thousands of miles between us."

Dick's letters began to include more and more hopeful reports about his efforts to gain official approval of their marriage. But then, as though testing Ilse's strength to stand up against heart-break, came the news—the United States made an official announcement that, after a definite date, no further permission would be granted to *any* "warbrides" for entrance into the country!

That was the end, Ilse admitted to herself. She rose to leave the house, to walk aimlessly for hours as she had done so many times during the unhappy months since Dick's departure. But at the door she was met by a messenger. "Miss Ilse Ickert? A cablegram for you . . . from America."

It was from Dick. And the message! It couldn't be . . . but it was! They had been granted permission. Half-laughing, half-crying, Ilse ran through the streets of Heidelberg to the nearest military government office. With maddening deliberation, an official thumbed through a file, then nodded in bored casualness. "Yes, you've been approved all right. I doubt if you can get ready in time, though—you've got about four days before the deadline."

"Four days!" Ilse's voice shook with unbelievable happiness. "Why, I could get ready if there were only four minutes!"

It turned out to be almost that close a shave, too; for when Ilse's plane landed at New York after the trans-Atlantic flight, less than one and a half hours remained before the deadline that would have barred her entrance as a "GI Bride!"

When I asked Ilse why she and Dick had decided to be married in connection with the Bride and Groom program, she glanced hesitantly at her tall fiancé, then said shyly, "I would have none of my family here. But, this way, I *will* have my invited friends at my wedding —the people of America. And maybe, listening to our story, they will know what I already know—that their country is really a place of happiness."

We are used to the excited happiness of brides when they are presented with the various gifts on our broadcast—an excited happiness that is shared by all of us and all the program's listeners. But I doubt if there has ever been a more truly "Cinderella" moment than when we presented Ilse and Dick with their gifts—furniture, silver, luggage, camera, a modern Tappan gas-stove, plus a week's expense-free honeymoon at the beautiful Mar Monte Hotel in Santa Barbara. Everyone who attended that broadcast will remember the shining eyes of the tiny bride as she said, "Now I know there is really magic in the world. To be given all these beautiful things, to be actually in America, and married to Dick—all the wishes I have ever had have come true today!"

Immediately following the marriage ceremony, conducted privately in a small chapel adjoining the broadcast studio, a limousine arrived to take the bridal pair out to the airport, where they were to be flown to their honeymoon destination. But Dick seemed oddly hesitant about getting into the car. "Wait," he said, his eyes searching the business district on the block across from the Chapman Park Hotel, where our studios are located, "there's a wedding gift that I promised to buy Ilse the moment she was my wife."

The rest of us turned to look at the nearby establishments. None of them was a jeweler's, nor a florist shop. Questioningly, we turned back to Dick, but he had already spied what he wanted. "There it is," he said. "Come on, Ilse!"

"There" turned out to be a corner drug store. And the promised wedding present turned out to be three huge chocolate ice-cream sundaes! "When I used to take her out in Germany," Dick explained, "I'd tell her about America. The thing that seemed to impress her most—probably because of the starvation diet—was my telling about these soda-fountains, where you could buy all the chocolate you wanted. This is to prove to her that she's going to have all the happiness we used to talk about, when happiness seemed so far away."

Perhaps there were other weddings that day in which the bridegroom presented his wife with costly jewels. But this we know—nowhere in the world was there a bride whose special gift stood for as great a miracle of love and happiness, as did the three ice-cream sundaes that Bob gave Ilse.

When a glamour girl threatens can a "plain" wife win?

If you had been listening to "My True Story" one morning not so long ago you would have heard how Connie—a real-life wife—solved the problem of love vs. sophistication.
Every morning, Monday thru Friday, this favorite radio program dramatizes a genuine situation—the sort of problems that can come to *any* woman. Listen to radio's greatest morning show. Prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story Magazine. You'll be fascinated.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

"We Adopted a Baby"

(*Continued from page* 37)

said later, "because I thought I was through—in more ways than one." Still, fight he did, and he won, and there came a day when he could see people again.

"There's a girl downstairs," said the nurse one Sunday morning, "who has been here often to ask about you."

Who could it be? "Send for her," said Al.

The girl was Erle.

And some time later, in 1945, they were married, and Erle left pictures. "The Jolson Story" came out—and Al and his songs staged that most phenomenal of comebacks.

Soon they were talking about children.

"Erle," says Al, "is crazy about kids. Nuts about 'em, and so am I. I used to watch her with other people's kids. Why, I betcha if we hadn't found one of our own she'd be going into the baby-sitting business, just to be near kids."

They started looking. Adopting a child, even into a home that can give it all advantages, is no simple matter. But one day they heard about Asa, and Erle began shopping for baby things, even before they knew definitely that the child would be theirs.

"THE suspense," Erle admits now, "was terrific. I don't believe we could have stood it if anything had gone wrong."

But one day they could take Asa home, theirs, to their place in Palm Springs, with a nurse approved by the adoption authorities. Everything was waiting, the bassinet, the soft blankets, the bottles, the sterilizers, the traditional tiny garments and those all-important square ones, and all the other mysterious adjuncts to modern baby care. Nothing fancy, though. The quiet, competent Erle knows that babies have no use for frilly laces, however much these may intrigue a mamma.

They installed Asa in the little home's one spare bedroom, and Al plugged in his own desert-air lamp to make sure the atmosphere was just right.

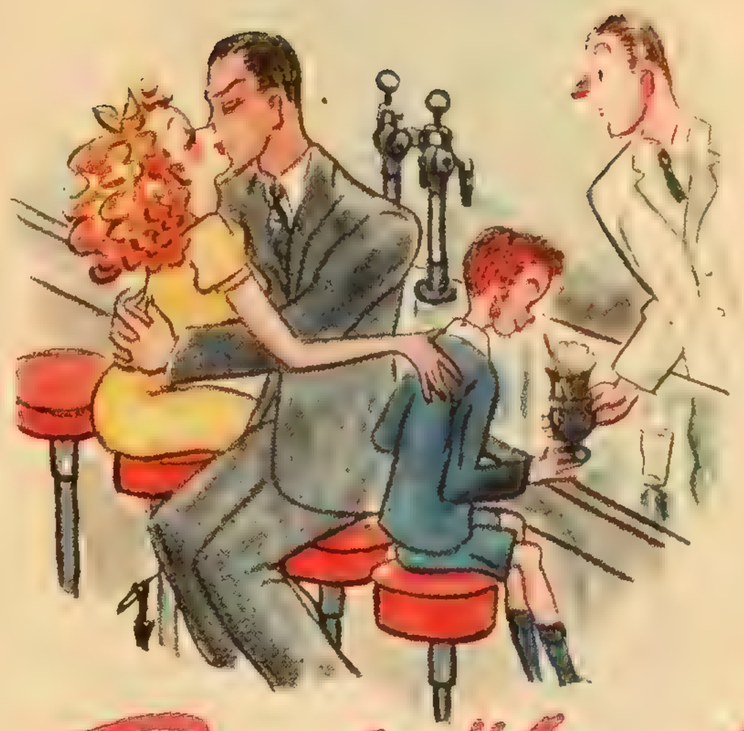
"Lookit him, honey, lookit him!" said Al, peeking into the bassinet where Asa slept angelically. "What a kick, what a *sweetheart!* Makes you want to sing, or cry, or something!"

"The sweet!" said Erle, along with other mamma-noises.

So the Jolsons found their "Sonny Boy."

Here's the place to describe what a cherub Asa is, blue-eyed, with a little soft fuzz on his head, and that invisible halo, familiar to all parents. Sure, he's a cherub. But he's no sissy. He's an independent little codger, with a mind of his own. Cute, of course, probably (in his parents' unprejudiced opinion) the cutest baby ever. But he reserves the normal baby's rights of self-expression, and he can geyser his milk on occasion as effectively as anybody's little darling.

He can also make the welkin clang, with a voice that does his Pappy proud, and he'll practice his yodeling at night, when he feels like it, as heartily as if the sun were shining. This bothers the Jolsons not in the least—Erle is one of those rare mothers who actually enjoys the nurse's day off because then she can do everything for the baby (*Continued on page* 84)

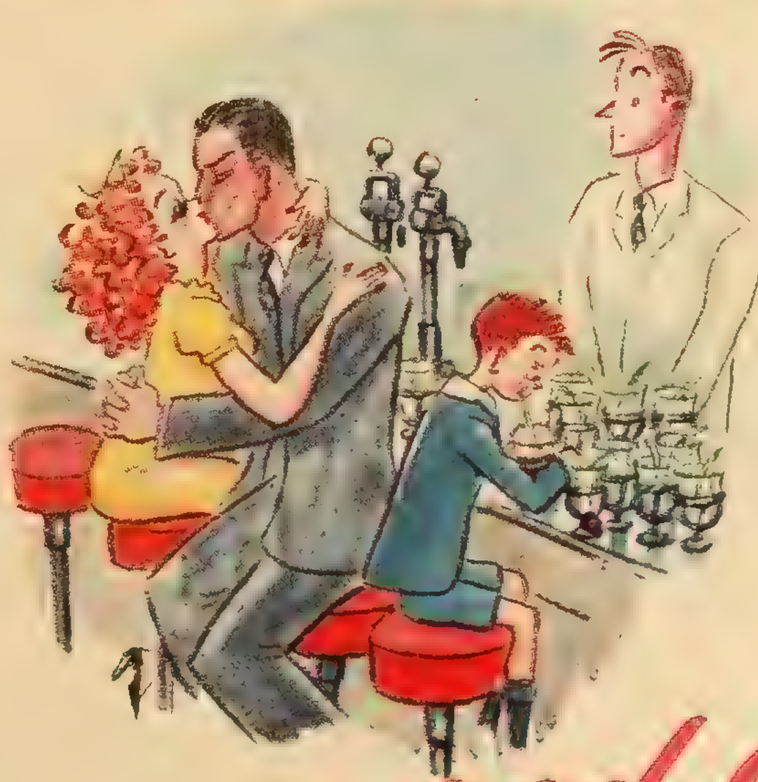


Luscious new-pink "Lips" color! Accent your New Look with DITHER!

Pond's "Lips" stay on...

Delicious, delectable-pink DITHER!

and on...



Exciting romance-builder—DITHER!

and ON!

POND'S "LIPS"

Dither

Sweet new Pond's pink that sparkles on your lips! Handsome swivel case—49¢, 25¢, plus tax.

"My Own True Love-Gift"

says

WANDA HENDRIX

Appearing in Paramount's

"My Own True Love"

with "stars in her eyes" for

AUDIE MURPHY

America's Most Decorated Soldier

Appearing in Paramount's

"Beyond Glory"

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

Ideal Gift for Graduation, Confirmation, Anniversaries, Birthdays

LANE
Cedar Chests
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No. 2221

All Lane Chests are made of ¾ inch

Copyright 1948, The Lane Company, Inc.

"It's the Real Love-Gift"

say America's most Romantic Sweethearts

New stars in Hollywood—adorable Wanda Hendrix and popular Audie Murphy are real-life sweethearts. Just a "couple in love"—like so many, many happy, devoted couples, starting their dream home with a Lane Hope Chest! Make your sweetheart's dream come true—with a Lane Cedar Hope Chest—the *one* gift *every* girl wants from the man she loves! Sanctuary for her trousseau treasures—it's wonderfully practical, too. The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive Patented Features. The Lane Company, Incorporated, Department K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

No. 2231
Illustrated Above

$59.95

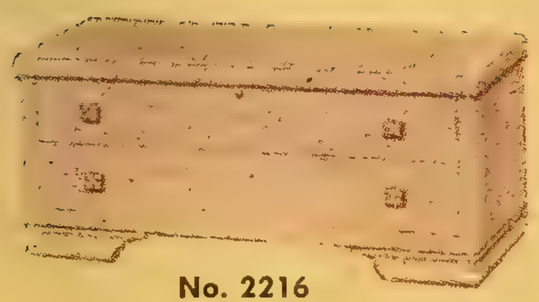
Slightly Higher in the West and Canada

Other Lane Chests
$49.95 $59.95 $69.95 and up

All can be bought on easy payments

No. 2231 *(above)*. This beautiful Waterfall design achieves dramatic contrast of rich woods—American Walnut and exotic New Guinea and Zebra Woods. Has Lane's patented automatic tray, and glowing, hand-rubbed finish!

Free Moth Insurance Policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, goes with every Lane Cedar Chest.



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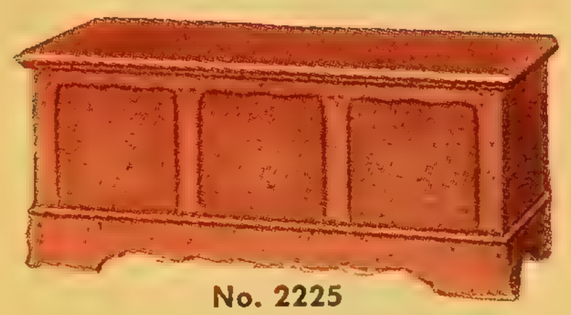

No. 2225

Aromatic Red Cedar, finished in rare wood exteriors from around the world, in designs to harmonize with any other furniture.

LANE

CEDAR

Hope Chest

New "LOVELIGHTS" romantic "LOVELIGHTS"... in your hair!

Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

LIQUID CREME
...Luxuriously smooth

IT'S *so soothing*, so caressing . . . this *new kind* of shampoo. The reason? A little *powdered egg!* Yes, and Richard Hudnut Shampoo brings out all the "lovelights," the glorious *natural* sheen of your hair! Be sure to try this *luxury* shampoo, created especially for patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon . . . and for *you!*

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.

R
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(*Continued from page* 81) herself. ("She wishes," Al tells it on her, "that the nurse could take *three* or *four* days off each week!")

Only a few months old now, this Sonny Boy is not climbing on anybody's knee as yet. He's too busy with baby business—sleeping, eating, sunbathing, gurgling and cooing, exercising his lungs, discovering his toes, and—

"Just wrappin' those tiny fingers 'round yer heart," as sentimental Al puts it. But Pappy's got his eye on the future, too.

"Gonna teach him swimming, sure," says Al. "Gonna teach him golf—betcha he'll burn up the course like his old man. Fishing? Well, one of these days when I'm not so busy with all these guest shots on the air.

"But no horse races for this kid. You know, I've got tickets for Santa Anita and I give 'em away. Don't go near the place any more—can't afford it. You go to the races and whaddya do? You drop dough. Say I drop five hundred bucks out there—you know what I gotta earn to spend that? Five thousand, *yeah!* Ten cents on the dollar, that's what I get after taxes. Making dough, sure. A million last year—two million—what's the difference? Ten cents on the dollar, ha! Gotta save to make ends meet. Fellow wants me to buy a fancy new car—twelve thousand bucks he wants. I figure what I gotta earn to spend that kinda dough—and it's one-twenty grand. No, thanks, fellow—I'll drive what I got. Got another mouth to feed now, gotta keep those April Showers off the little fellow's head, gotta keep on singing those songs. . . ."

"APRIL SHOWERS"—or California cloudbursts—shouldn't seriously worry Asa, who'll have his choice of two roofs. The Jolsons spend most of their winter days, between air shows, at the Palm Springs home. There Al suns, swims, golfs to keep up that exuberant, bouncing vitality of his. It's a small house, only two bedrooms, and it's never swarming with week-enders from Hollywood. Asa, whether at the Springs or at the Jolsons' long grey bungalow on a Hollywood hilltop, lives in a quiet home.

"We're building a room for him on the Hollywood house—a regular nursery for Erle to fix up pretty," says Al. "On the other hand, we've been thinking about selling it, and getting a little ranch in the valley—great place for a kid to grow up."

Asa's room, if they stay on the hill, will command a sweeping view of that San Fernando valley, and the swimming pool will be right down the hill, waiting for the day when he can join Al and Erle in their daily splash. If they stay, they'll fence that pool for safety's sake.

For another kind of rainy weather Al wants Asa to have the best available preparation. Good education, training, character.

"We'll send him to a good school—and a hard one," he says. "Want no spoiling of the boy. You can't always count on money. Sometimes I read the papers and I start singing: 'I could climb the highest mountain—and jump off.' Ah. But you train a kid to be decent, to work, to get along with people, and then he's got something better than money.

"Maybe I'll be guiding the boy from the spirit world by the time he's ready for school, but maybe not, too. I'm supposed to be at least 102 from

all the jokes my pals tell on the radio, but I just turned 59 in May. And the docs look me over, and they check me and thump me, and they all say, 'Al, we don't know what you've got to keep you chugging along at the pace you chug, but you've got *something!*'

"And I betcha I could go in a room with Cantor, Benny, Fred Allen and all of 'em for a little scrap and I'd be the one that'd walk out at the finish! Haven't felt so good in twenty years. . . ."

And he looks it too. Tanned, fit, full of the old jump and get-up-and-go. That old inexhaustible Jolson energy, keeps him from sitting still for long at a time. Typically, on one Monday evening he appeared as star of a national broadcast of "The Jolson Story," and after that appeared at a star-jammed banquet to receive his *Photoplay* Gold Medal Award because "The Jolson Story" was the year's most popular film. He was up that evening until after midnight—but at 7 A.M. Tuesday he was en route with Erle for breakfast at the Hillcrest country club!

Al loves to pick up and travel. And while Asa's arrival and Al's work have kept the Jolsons close to home lately, one of these days they will probably be hitting the road again.

"Just the other day," says Al, "my wife was saying, 'Hon, you've got that restless look in your eye again. You've got that itching foot.' And I have.

"Sometimes I think I'll just haul up stakes and take the wife and boy and find me an island somewhere. Get away from all the confusion and hustle-bustle and wonders of modern civilization that're likely to kill you any minute. Just get some peace. But then I ask myself, 'Al, old boy, if you hide out like that, what'll you do for an audience when you gotta sing those songs? What'll you do, huh? You'd have to take a piano-player along, anyway, in case people ask you to sing—and if they don't ask you to sing then you'll be hurt.'

"So I figure I'll stick with it, and we'll just travel a little now and then, and when the kid's big enough, we'll pack him along, sure!"

And there's a new baby song Al sings, a song that sounds as if it might have been written especially for Asa. It's "Nearest Thing to Heaven."

"Oh, that?" says Al. "A song writer named Bené Russell brings me some lyrics and asks me to give him a tune, and I come up with one like this—da, da, de, da, de, da,—and I play around with it some more and I get this—da, de, da, da . . . I don't play a note myself, just sing a tune to a piano-player, with a try-this and a try-that . . . So this song sounds pretty good and I try it on the air and it goes over great and so we're publishing it. . . .

"But don't say I was writing it about the kid, willya not? That'd sound kinda sentimental and we wouldn't want that."

Asa's Pappy sentimental? Who would ever suggest a thing like *that?*

Alma Kitchell

(*Continued from page* 51)

made her perfect for conducting that type of show.

In her early days of radio Alma Kitchell found herself much in demand as a speaker at women's clubs, college groups, and other gatherings, on the almost unknown medium of radio. Now, more than two decades later, the same thing is happening again. She is constantly being asked to speak these days about the new phenomenon on the entertainment horizon—television.

In the early spring of 1947 her chance came. Nash Kelvinator had been searching for someone who had charm, showmanship, and could cook. Alma Kitchell was made to order. As Mrs. Kitchell says, "I am not a home economist, and I run my program as any normally good cook would. Cooking has always been a very special hobby of mine. I think you'll find that true of a great many singers, painters, musicians—artists of all kinds. That's because cooking is a creative art—much like writing or painting." Over the years, her loyal radio listeners have sent her more than 200 cook books; these comprise her recipe library.

If you should ask Alma what one thing she finds most satisfying about television work, she would tell you: "The highly personalized relationship between the performer and the televiewer. You are not just heard in people's homes—you *are* there. You are welcomed into the family circle. My mail reflects this feeling very definitely; and let me tell you it is a response that is very close to every performer's heart."

To point out how sensitive video is, she tells about the first time she hummed to herself as she prepared the dish of the week on her program. She wasn't thinking about it—just engrossed in fixing the ingredients. Well, mail flooded in from her audience (which includes a surprising number of men too) about how natural and homey this touch was.

Each type of television program presents individual camera problems. Mrs. Kitchell's most outstanding one was the fact that scraping things out of bowls, which is done in the course of her show each week, must be done with the bowl facing the camera. After years of automatically doing it towards yourself, this was a difficult trick to master, but now she does it naturally. And though her performance seems effortless, the placing of each cup and bowl and box must be carefully rehearsed to please the all-seeing eye of the television camera. Four sets of ingredients are used for every dish. Since it is a fifteen-minute show, and most of the recipes take longer than that to cook, it is necessary to have a pre-cooked finished product on hand so her audience can get the complete effect of the recipe, from beginning to end, in the short program time.

After the show is over, you'll find cameramen, directors, technicians, and everyone else nearby, crowded into the beautiful kitchen unit her sponsor built for Mrs. Kitchell's program, sampling the cake or biscuits or whatever happened to be featured that night. The food is really as good as it looks!

New as television is there's a still newer field, and that is movie shorts made exclusively for television. Already Alma Kitcthell is getting offers for that kind of work. Judging from past performances the pioneering spirit should be taking hold any day now, and Alma will be off to meet the challenge of the unknown again.

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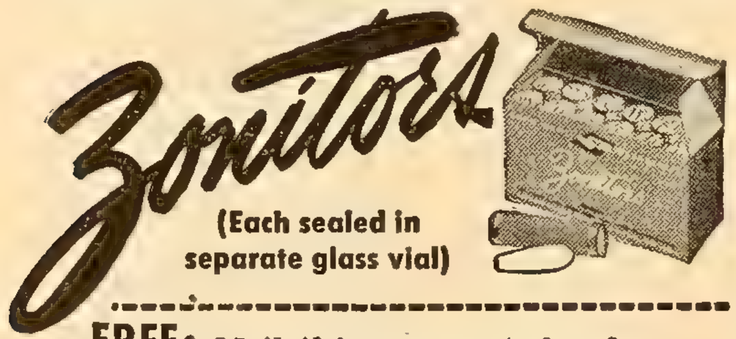

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My Pal, Milton Berle

(*Continued from page* 63)

show, partially because she knew it would be good mental training, his mother succeeded in getting Milton's full cooperation on learning jokes where the school was having more difficulty in holding his attention until he was enrolled in the Professional Children's School. This was after he became a child star and was much in demand at the Old Biograph and Fort Lee Studios, playing in support of Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline," and with Ruth Roland, John Bunny and Mabel Normand.

Milton calls his mother his "Number One Fan," and pays her back with great devotion and loves to work references to her into his shows, especially when she is in the audience. For instance, if an audience is a little slow to react to a fast gag, he will say, "Come now! My mother got it! I don't see why the rest of you don't catch on!"

SHE must be in her sixties because Milton, the baby of the family, was born in 1908, but she does not look it. She is extremely attractive with an abundance of grey hair on which she wears very smart, feminine, feathery hats. She lives at the Essex House, and at some time every day Milton sees her. When she is out of town he calls her daily. She usually does most of the talking on these occasions with Milton uttering constant interruptions and asides to anyone who may be in the room. Like this:

"What have you been doing? (Ma went to the opening of the Copacabana.) Why didn't you have enough sense to go home? (She was out until four.) Oh, you were having a good time, were you? (Guess who Ma went with — Henry Morgan.) What's he got I haven't got? Wait till I get home; I'll show you. I'll give away all my gags and retire."

He gives away his time at a rate that would be insane for anyone with less vitality than a regiment. In 1947, he did an average of one benefit performance for every day in the year. If you count those charity performances in terms of dollars, they represent a pretty penny. His brother Frank is his business manager. He runs the office at 51st and Broadway, makes all arrangements for both benefit and professional performances, travels with Milton on out-of-town dates, and keeps the taxes straight.

He is generous with his money, but he does not spend it on the usual things. For instance, he is not at all clothes-conscious, and there is a real fight on in the family most of the time to get him to buy shoes. He hates new shoes almost as much as he hates walking.

He lives in a big duplex in the east Eighties, only about twenty-five short blocks from Radio City, which would be just a warm-up for a marathon walker like me. But he has made it on foot only once, and then under bitter protest and because there was no other way out. That was last winter when the blizzard of blizzards hit New York and all traffic stopped.

He doesn't drink at all, but he is a chain smoker. For exercise, he does card tricks, and at those he could be a professional. He is a fight fan, as am I, and we go together every Friday night. He knows a lot about boxing himself.

I remember once he was making an appearance in a club and a fellow who seemed to be somewhat jingled became pugnacious to the point where there was going to be trouble any minute. Milton tried to wiscrack him out of his desire for fisticuffs without success. So he simply picked the fellow up and held him over his head until he cooled off. That's real weight-lifting.

Work is really his hobby. I have to smile every time he talks about retiring in ten years. He will never retire. He even resents having to go to sleep, and manages to get along with about five and a half hours a night—wasted time in his opinion.

He gets up about eleven in the morning, and when his daughter, Vicki, is with him she acts as his alarm clock. His divorce last year from Joyce Mathews is amiable, and they share the child equally. Vicki will be three in September, talks a blue streak, and is a great mimic. Her father adores being with her, and usually catches up again sometime during the late afternoon.

His favorite restaurant is Lindy's, and he usually has at least one meal a day there, frequently two. Lindy's is always filled with high-powered competition, each trying to top the other, and of course that is what Milton thrives on. The other day gathered at one table were Milton, Jack Leonard, Harvey Stone, Al Burnett (known as the English Berle), Julie Oshin, the Slate brothers and Red Buttons. The gags flew so fast that nobody wanted to go home. Finally the headwaiter took a hand.

"Look, boys, it's an hour past closing time now," he said. "One more joke and out you go."

IT IS fun working with him, but there are two things that my pal, Berle, does to me that keep me on edge.

One is his habit of making those goon-boy faces at people when they are in the middle of serious lines on the air. I am, unhappily, a giggler and am likely to laugh merrily right out loud from coast to coast when this is done to me. I used to think and think about revenge, but what's the use? It would be committing no less than premeditated suicide to attempt to ad-lib against Berle or to break him up.

The other thing he does is what has earned him the nickname of "the octopus" around town. He likes to lay a friendly hand on the shoulder of anyone who is beside him. But he also occasionally closes his fingers which are very strong. When he does this, you get the impression that the shoulder pads and indeed the shoulder itself are going to be lifted right off.

It is this kind of thing that is always happening around Berle, and always unexpectedly. Once he is your friend, he is always your friend in the true sense of the word. He is generous, considerate and loyal. His gags are never directed against people who cannot take care of themselves. It is only when Milton has first been heckled that he will retaliate in self defense.

For that reason, I do not feel too badly when he lifts my shoulder to my ear in front of an audience. As a matter of fact, my opinion of him has changed so drastically since that first meeting in The Music Hall that if Milton wants to give me a spread in the Yankee Stadium in front of a million people, it will be all right with me. It wouldn't be all right if lots of other people tried it, you understand; but it's okay from my pal Berle.

Fibber McGee and Molly

(*Continued from page* 35)

that. Every cent he has put into the place has doubled already—on paper. Their hilltop, which was unimproved grazing land when he bought it, comes under "estate values" in the tax books now.

Nobody who comes by the place, whether mailman, milkman or folks looking for the Phil Harrises (the last turn back down the road and to your right) can get away without a tour of the grounds, with appropriate comment expected.

A taciturn fellow who came in a couple of months ago to install the telephones nearly drove Jim crazy. He looked over the lawn, the flowers, the terraces, the guyed-up trees. No comment.

"Nice?" Jim prodded him, from time to time.

No answer. Just a laconic grunt.

The tour was over, and Jim was mighty sore. You can't come to visit this farmer's son without admiring his crops. Just then the man folded massive arms across his chest, looked out from the rim of the lot toward the purple Sierra Madres rising clear and sharp a hundred miles across the valley.

"I'd never live in a place like this," said the telephone man.

"Why not?" Jim barked shortly.

"Mountains cut off your view," he said. And he went away.

PEOPLE have different ways of showing it, the Jordans decided after that, but nobody in his right mind could help loving their new Eden.

Fred Banks, for instance. Fred is—or was—an itinerant painter who came in during the remodeling operations to do a couple of days' work. He's still there, six months later.

Fred kept finding jobs for himself, Jim says, jobs which obviously had to be done. Seemed easier to expand the plans to include another room in the guest house than to send him away.

Gives Jim somebody to boss around, Marian concedes. She demands one hundred percent control of the household workings, including supervision of their one servant, a casual and friendly Filipino house boy named Albert.

Jim can run the out-of-doors departments, his gardeners, and his modern car port which is brand new and his current pride and joy. Jim borrows Marian's new vacuum cleaner from time to time to "do" the cars, which are almost as carefully tended as the fuchsias. He ran into a little excitement with that one day when his red setter Mac (McGee's Blue Mountain Boy, if you want his full name, so named in honor of the Jordans' Blue Mountain Ranch in Woody, California) turned up napping in the rear seat of Marian's sedan. Getting Mac's beautiful red hair out of the sweeper turned out to be more work than doing the cars by hand, and for a few days Jim reverted to the primitive tools of broom and dustbin for his auto chores.

Mac didn't speak to anybody for several days, Jim said.

"Blamed *me*," he says incredulously, "just like the time Marian got her hand in the washing-machine wringer."

The wood-working shop is another

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area of the Jordan place which is exclusively Jim's domain.

Jim started collecting tools and equipment for his shop when he needed some redwood boxes for his cinerarias and decided to make them himself. Like a small boy with his first chemistry set, once he got started he couldn't stop.

He now owns and operates proficiently a band saw, bench saw, shaper, milling machine, lathe, drill press, scrod saw, and jointer. The shop is in an impressive new building near the car port with an upswinging aluminum door big enough to admit twelve-foot two-by-fours (and a window which comes out, frame and all, in case of emergency).

Nobody, and he means *nobody,* can enter this Temple of Sawdust without Jim. There is one set of keys for the place, and it's in Jim's pocket.

"And one day," barks Marian—whose bark needless to say is worse than her bite—"we'll all stand around and laugh like crazy while the place burns to the ground."

So much of the effort and planning which have transformed this ordinary small ranch into a showplace have gone into exterior improvements that many visitors come and go without a look at the house itself. They are sometimes unaware that there is one. All this, their amazed faces say, and a house too?

The house has been Marian's part of the project. All Jim cares about a house is that it works.

It was Marian's job—and pleasure—to make the place look like her long-cherished image of home, sweet, *permanent* home. In only two of the rooms, the all-glass sunroom which was one of the new additions, and the dining room, did she make any concessions to the grand style and formality which people of their prominence are expected to prefer.

The character of the sun room is determined by the two solid walls of glass which overlook the view. (Jim's and Marian's bedroom also is part of the new section of the house, and also has vast windows looking off to the far-away mountains.) The glass walls in the sun room are curtained to the floor with heavy white pull drapes for evening privacy. (For coziness, rather, since no spot on the hilltop is accessible to public view.) In the daytime, a hundred miles of California scenery is the backdrop. The handsome red, white and grey-blue color scheme of the interior, dramatic as it is, bucks stiff competition in that view, but Marian says "the women notice" her handiwork—the comfortable sofas covered in a patterned quilted chintz, the deep pile rug, bright spots of yellow and crimson in two occasional chairs, lovely early American tables and chests of mellow, rubbed-down pine. Wall bracket lamps with floral bowls (they were converted from old gasoline burners) are another touch of early Americana. Mirrored wall shelves house important pieces of Marian's collection of Dresden and Meissen figurines.

The needlepoint footstools—one for each of the Jordans' two children—and the handknit afghan on the sofa are strictly Molly-touches.

"Pure Peoria," Jim says of the afghan, and it is—as it should be—the highest compliment.

The dining room is pretty impressive too. Here, against modishly dark green walls are displayed the massive and expensive silver pieces which the Jordans' grateful sponsors have bestowed upon them from time to time. A wonderful old hutch is cram full of rare willowware, and the walls are hung with early American lithographs.

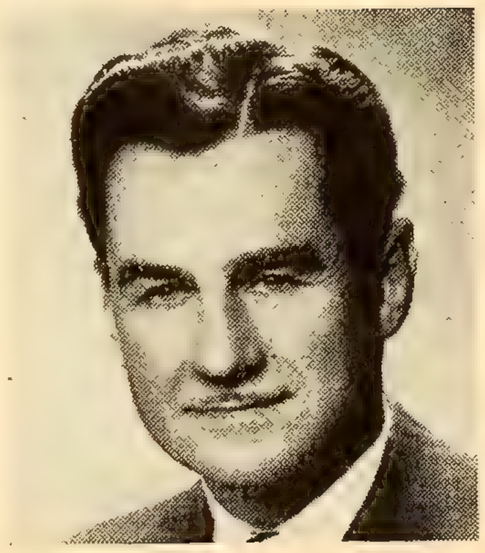
In the really lived-in areas of the house, in Marian's wonder kitchen—which has everything every electrical wizard from Edison to Jim Jordan could dream up—in the bright red and yellow breakfast room with the high chair always ready to welcome Granddaughter Diane, and in the study where Jim's favorite cowboy painting by Frank Tenney Johnson has the place of honor over the fireplace and another of Marian's beautiful afghans is flung carelessly over the back of the sofa, there is more of Peoria than Beverly Hills, more real comfort than style.

"We tried adapting ourselves to high society," Marian confesses, with a cheerful laugh, "but we hated it."

And what good was all their success, they wondered finally, if they couldn't have the kind of life they really wanted? They had had more real enjoyment out of life when they were the "O-Henry Twins" singing bucolic ballads for the early-risers in Chicago than they were squeezing now out of all the money and fame.

They decided then and there that they would stop trying to live the "big-stuff" life and get back to fundamentals.

In their new home, they are content as they haven't been since their children were little. The "children"—Katharine is married and a mother now and James, Jr., is a motion-picture producer with enough success of his own to resent being introduced as "Jim Jordan's boy"—are very much a part



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of the family. Jimmy lives with his folks. Katharine and her doctor-husband and their little girl are there so frequently that they might as well be in residence. The Jordans wish they were. Their three-year-old granddaughter is a delight, and Marian's planning of the house took into consideration the requirements of the very youngest generation. A crib, a high chair, toys, dolls and a tricycle are part of the standard equipment.

Except for broadcast days, the Jordans stick close to home.

In the daytime, there's all that sun and scenery to soak up. Evenings, they can be perfectly happy with magazines or a little "home-made" music—Marian was a piano teacher when she met Jim; they love singing together.

Nine o'clock usually finds them in bed, if not asleep then piled up in their twin beds with mounds of pillows and books and the day's newspapers (ignored as long as the sun shines) with a bowl of home-grown fruit close by for nibbling.

And if Jim gets sleepy before Marian—and after all, he's put in a hard day's work in the shop and the nursery—he can snooze happily without interrupting her reading. Through a set of reading "spotlights" which Jim devised, the whole room can be darkened except for a circle of light around the late-reader's bed.

MORE gregarious folk would feel isolated on their hilltop, Marian acknowledges, but these two never have a lonely moment. If they feel like a party they get on the phone and invite a few friends for dinner; Marian pushes Albert out of the kitchen and goes to work, and presto—a party.

"Nothing fancy, just food," says Marian deprecatingly.

"Hmmph," dissents Jim, "nothing fancy, just the best food in town."

"Mother's ice-box cake is about the fanciest food in the country," son Jimmy puts in and then both he and his father look hopefully at Marian.

That ice-box cake—and Marian suggests that you serve it no more than once a year if you wish to keep your girlish figure—has caused so much talk among the Jordans' friends that it seemed a good idea to pry loose the recipe for RADIO MIRROR readers. Here it is, and she wishes you luck with it.

MARIAN JORDAN'S ICE-BOX CAKE

½ lb. butter
4 eggs
2 squares chocolate
3 to 5 doz. ladyfingers—depending on size
¾ lb. powdered sugar
1 tbsp. vanilla
1 can crushed pineapple

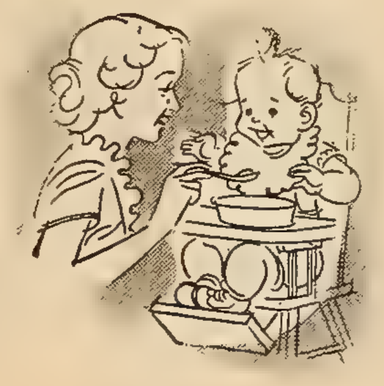
Cream the butter and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks. Mix well. Then add beaten whites.

To ⅔ of this mixture add melted chocolate. Line the bottom of a square pan, as follows:

1. Split ladyfingers and put in with smooth side up.
2. Then layer of chocolate filling.
3. Layer of crushed pineapple.
4. Another layer of ladyfingers.
5. White filling (nuts added if desired).
6. Another layer of ladyfingers.
7. Chocolate filling.
8. Another layer of pineapple.
9. Then ladyfingers on the top with round side up.

Put in ice box overnight. Serve with whipped cream.

Still trying to say—
"Um-m-m, Good!"



Okay, honey, tuck in your tongue!

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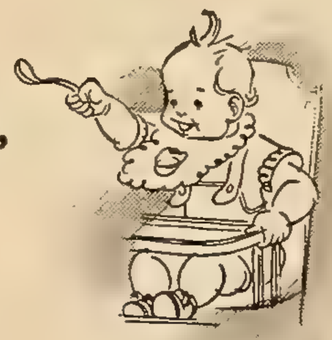

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R
M

He's My Boss

(*Continued from page* 47)

make sense. Certainly not in Hollywood.

It doesn't make sense, either, that the star of a picture should pick out an extra for a pal; at least it isn't customary. But Dick Haymes had the horse bug, even then, and he gravitated toward me—and my horse—as iron filings gravitate toward a magnet.

Before the first day's shooting was over, he had asked me to spend the next Sunday at his new house in Longridge estates.

I told him I usually spent Sunday with my family, and explained about Wanda. Wanda and I grew up together in Sac City and were married as soon as I had landed my first job, the $65-a-month deal in the drygoods store. I told him about our son, Bobby, who was four; another baby was on the way.

Couldn't be better, Dick said. He and Joannie, too, were expecting their second child. Our wives could talk about their obstetricians, our boys—Skipper was just a couple of years younger than Bobby—could wear one another down, and we could talk about horses. By all means, I should bring the family along.

It turned out to be quite a day. We all swam in the new pool, and Dick and I played a few sets of tennis on his new tennis court, and then we sat around and breathed deep and said wasn't it great to be living in California.

"And with all this," Dick said, waving in the direction of his new "estates."

"And two years ago," Joanne reminded him, "we were so poor I had to go home to mother's to wait for Skipper."

"Because all we could afford to eat was spaghetti," Dick winced, "and her mother thought she should have red meat and vitamins."

"I *love* spaghetti," Joanne told him, cheerfully.

"Me, too," said Dick. "Hey, let's make some."

It was the servants' day off, so we all invaded the kitchen and whipped up the prettiest batch of spaghetti with meat balls that you ever saw.

Skipper was put to bed finally, and Bobby went to sleep on the sofa. And the McCords, who had arrived at a cool ten a.m., didn't get around to saying thank you for a lovely time until p.m. of the same number.

We had to be friends, with so much in common. Dick and I were both strictly home kids, crazy for our families and our own hearthsides—even if it was for different reasons. I was a home boy because I had grown up in a wonderful home, which was more fun than anyplace on the outside. Dick loved home because he had never really had one. He had just batted about, he said, practically since the time he was born in Buenos Aires. For him, this house in Longridge was fulfillment of a dream he had been dreaming a long, long time.

That we had horses in common, and swimming and tennis, was just extra good luck.

"We even look alike," Dick said a couple of days later on the set. And we measured off—same height, but exactly, same weight, same chesty build.

It was the physical similarity that gave Dick the Big Idea. Why didn't I come along on his next picture (which didn't have horses) as his stand-in?

The idea appealed to me. Life as a ranch hand (I worked for Johnny Epper, who trained Flicka and a lot of other horses for films) so far had involved more potatoes than horses—to say nothing of cash!—and I was not averse to a change.

Seventy-five dollars a week, the standard salary for stand-ins, all that money and no potatoes—it sounded like heaven. We shook hands on that.

And to celebrate the McCords cooked supper for the Haymeses, *our* McCord special — enchiladas — with everybody pitching in. Dick chopped the onions, Joannie grated the cheese.

"Irish Eyes are Smiling" was the first picture in which I stood-in—or is it up? —for Dick. The cameraman was delighted. We are so identical in build that there was no re-lighting problem. Dick, I think, was a little afraid that I wouldn't like it. Owen McClaine, the casting director, spurred from some mysterious quarter, was pretty sure to turn up when Dick—and I, of course—had a day off, to say there was a bit in some other picture on the lot and I could have it if I wanted it. I wanted it. I loved it. Dick needn't have worried so much about the pull of those potato fields.

But then, the picture finished, we were both "off the lot." And *I* was off salary.

Now what? I wondered.

It was at this point that Dick suggested that I go on his personal payroll, as his "secretary." I howled.

I don't know shorthand, and I had forgotten all I ever knew of my high school typing.

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Monday Evenings

Meet Arthur, Mary, Pat and Mike—the story of the Godfreys before Papa became famous—in "Arthur Godfrey tells his Story," the feature article of the June True Story magazine. Complete with full page autographed color photograph of Arthur. Don't miss it!

It didn't matter, Dick said. He didn't dictate. And there wouldn't be much typing. (*That* wasn't true.)

Then what did I do?

Oh, he said, odds and ends.

Like what?

"Your first chore," he said, "is to invite me to dinner tonight. Joanne is out of town. And, please, enchiladas."

I complied, even to the enchiladas, but I wasn't very happy about it. I didn't get this deal. A secretary who had never written a letter? I didn't want any hand-outs.

I didn't know Dick then as well as I do now, or I would not have worried. The guy is loyal to his friends, but he doesn't collect stooges. His old boyhood pals, Eddie Pike, the writer and Marty Clark, composer, ride the boom with Dick not because he is their pal, but because they can produce, and he knows it. The same thing goes for Alec Milne, the kid who taught Dick to fly. Dick's raves around town have made Alec prosperous as a pilot-instructor, but because he's good, not just because Dick likes him.

I didn't know this then, and I fretted for twenty-four hours after Dick made his offer. Then Wanda, my smart wife, took me in hand. I was being silly, she said. Dick was not the sort of a guy to turn a friend into a patsy.

She was right. A patsy would strike after a week of what Dick calls odds and ends.

OUR first undertaking together under Dick's "new deal" was a trip east. Dick had theater engagements in New York, Atlantic City, and Boston. I went along, taking over the worry department on such matters as hotel reservations, train space, interviews and appointments. I had to learn, but fast, which people were important and had to have time on the schedule no matter how pressed and busy Dick was, and which people had "angles" and were to be avoided even if all we had to do was go out on the town for the evening. A star's secretary, it seems, is buffer, diplomat, librarian and accountant, to say nothing of body guard and shoulder to cry on.

At one point, Dick dropped a hint about one of the "odds and ends" waiting for me when we got back home.

"You'll have to do something," he said, "about the fan mail. It may have piled up a bit."

It had piled up in truck loads. I took it out to my office at Dick's place in bushel baskets from the studio and the radio station. Here for the first time. the cover came off the typewriter and I began to brush up on my hunting and punching.

"Pictures to everybody who requests them," Dick ordered. "Personal letters with them. They're important."

I wrote letters, answered requests, hopped phones, made appointments, organized a file of the household bookkeeping, began to organize the backlog of Dick's radio scripts, cataloguing them according to date, song titles, guest stars.

I fired domestics who hadn't turned out. Joannie it seems, loves hiring people, but can't bear to hurt anybody's feelings when it is necessary to go chop-chop.

There never, it seemed, was a day off. But, in terms of most jobs, neither was there ever a whole day on. On Dick's broadcast days, one of my odds and ends was to exercise Cupie—Dick finally had a horse of his own, first of quite a stable, a present from his manager, Bill Bur-

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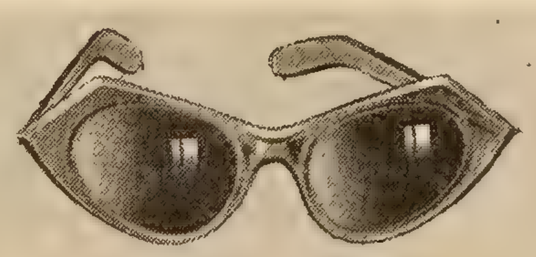

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ton. Nobody can tell me riding a spirited horse is work.

And when Dick was around the house, his instructions often were to get into a bathing suit and have a swim with him, or to hustle out to the tennis court.

All of his enthusiasms—and he is like a kid, with a passion for photography one week, when he has to rush out and buy all the equipment, and a yen for fishing the next (the enlargers and developers are forgotten, and shoved over in the McGee type closet to make room for the rods and the tackle)—take in the whole household. We all have to learn to take pictures, or fish, or whatever it is this week.

Even when Dick got his first airplane and learned to fly, nothing would do but that I become a pilot too. (He paid for the lessons, of course.) His new television receiver might as well be ours—Wanda and our kids get as much fun out of it as Dick's family—and this goes as well for his motion picture projection equipment.

Heavy on the gravy, my job, light on the grief.

Of course, things thicken up when a picture is in production and I have to double up as stand-in and secretary. It's double work, but double pay—since I stay on Dick's payroll fifty-two weeks a year, and the studio salary is all gravy. Wanda and I will have our home in Burbank paid for in a couple more years, and I will have got no ulcers in the process.

Dick has asked once or twice if the doubled-up job is too much work.

"Love that money," I told him once.

He went away, frowning. I think he had never thought much about the large gap between our incomes . . . if he gets loaded down with work and lops off a recording date or an extra picture, it costs Uncle Sam money, not him. He began to figure—I could almost see the thought processes going on—the ways and means of fattening up the McCord bank account.

Did I want to make a test? Sure. So he arranged it, at Fox. (I sang a couple of songs without falling on my face and proved once and for all that I don't photograph like Dick Haymes.) Did I want to make a record? Sure, I had sung with a college orchestra and toured all over the south. Dick arranged it, with Decca. (If the recording business ever opens up again, I'd love to do some more—if just for kicks.)

When 20th Century-Fox made "You Were Meant for Me," Dick found out that there was a small part for a trumpet player who could act. He plugged hard for me, and I got it.

I worried about taking on the extra work. The odds and ends, I thought, were apt to get stacked up.

"You'd be a damn fool," Dick said firmly, "not to do it."

The McCords were so rich, all of a sudden, that Wanda could take Bobby and Penny home to Sac City for Christmas week, and I could fly back to join them and my parents for the holiday.

It was a wonderful Christmas. Dick had given me a new suit (I haven't bought myself a suit since I went to work for the guy) which dazzled my folks—and me, who'm I kidding?—and all of the flash accessories which spelled out "Your own Bob is a big success in Hollywood."

My father, who is a judge and saw to it that I studied law at the University of Iowa, relaxed for the first time about the fate worse than death which could have overtaken a good boy like me out in those wicked Hollywood hills.

Dick didn't phone or wire me once—which must have taken a measure of self-restraint, since he doesn't know where I keep half of the papers. I had visions of fan mail slowly piling in on the house until Dick and Joannie and Pigeon and Skipper had to move.

Nothing dire, as it turned out, happened. Dick had spent most of the holidays at *my* house installing a miniature city playground for my kids in the back yard—swings, slides, see-saws, a sand pile, even a kid-size shooting gallery were up and ready for action when we got home.

I hope you're getting a picture from all this of a guy who has stood up under all the pressures—fame, money, adulation, to a degree which has wrecked many another young star—and stayed "regular."

Tooting the horn for Dick Haymes is definitely not one of the odds and ends I am expected to handle in my job. But this I am glad to do on my own time.

In five years, we've never had a beef. Dick has kidded me once or twice, laughed if I've made a mistake or forgotten something, and the McCord temper which cooks up over kidding has begun to simmer. But when it happens I know enough, thanks to advice my father pounded into me years ago, to clear out until I can get a grip on my sense of humor.

It wouldn't make sense in this hard-hearted world to get sore at your boss, when your boss is an overgrown kid playing Santa Claus.

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There's Only One Irma

(*Continued from page* 31)

all right but in Hollywood it's important to know the right people."

Marie laughed. "But that would be out of character, wouldn't it? Besides, I like electricians and stagehands."

The question of clothes is another sore spot. The ultra-daring gowns Marie wears in "The Blackouts" and the reds, greens and yellows of her everyday street attire threw Irma's Cy Howard into a dither. "Irma wouldn't dress like that," he protested. "But who sees me?" Marie asked.

"The radio audience sees you, I see you, your co-workers see you and it throws everything out of character," Cy howled. Marie, always eager to please and never one to argue, showed up the following week in a white frilly pinafore *over* the red, green and yellow.

THE role grants her the privelege of making blunders that would throw others into agonies of embarrassment. But not Marie. To the distinguished author Mr. Aldous Huxley she once said, "Oh Mr. Huxley, I just loved your book, 'Late in Summer Comes the Swan.' With the exception of Mr. Huxley, no one laughed louder than Marie when the error was pointed out.

Uninhibited, unfrustrated, uncomplicated, like the White Queen in "Alice" Marie goes her serene way in a world inhabited by the many who are frustrated, inhibited and unhappy. And like the "Queen" her logic is unique, making sense in an obscure and typically Wilsonian way.

For instance, take her remark concerning little green onions. "I think they're wonderful—little onions, don't you?" she asked. "Yes," we agreed half-heartedly, passing Marie the scallions. "Oh no thank you," she said, "I don't care for them. I just think they're nice for people who like them."

Immediately the listener knows that words have been uttered that contain a semblance of sense but—well, two days later one is no nearer the core of the remark than before. It's Marie's own mode of expression, and who can say she's wrong? The only way to understand Marie's logic is to work it out by "algebra."

Her ability to laugh at herself and her extreme goodness of heart are the two outstanding characteristics of this bland faced woman. Good-natured beyond the point of requirement, Marie has a better time listening to herself being kidded than the kidder himself. Nothing fazes her. The harsh scolding of the radio producer in her direction, the kind that draws down the brows of the rest of the cast, is accepted by Marie with a simplicity that catches the throat. "It's good for me," Marie says. "I need to be driven." The truth is, of course, Marie no more needs driving than a flea, but somewhere within that heart is a warm desire to protect, to shield, to love her fellow man—to excuse him, to see beyond the outside to the soul within, and an anxiety that others too, should see only the good.

Work, hard work, is her middle name. And after the lean years when nothing came her way, Marie glories in the excess of toil. Up at six in the morning when she's making a picture, she's off to the studio and after a long tiring day on the set, gets home by seven and takes off for the Blackout

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curtain at 8:30. Or if it's radio night, Marie trudges from studio to the radio station for endless hours of rehearsals and then to the theater with two shows on Saturday and three on Sunday. Her only sign of fatigue is stuttering. And sometimes the stuttering takes a long time to control.

Irma is given a dress rehearsal before a studio audience a few days before the regular broadcast. The jokes that get laughs remain in the script. The others are tossed out. Marie has, on one or two occasions barely escaped the fate of the bad jokes, like the time she lost her place during the show and calmly remarked "My goodness a train could pass through this hole." Or the time she broke up the dress rehearsal completely by suddenly laughing at a line and then confiding to the audience that she'd read that line a dozen times and only then got it. While the audience howled for ten minutes, throwing off the timing completely, the producer went wild.

He went wilder at a recent benefit at the Biltmore Bowl, when the tumbling acrobats called for a volunteer and Marie, in a long white evening gown, shot out of her chair and onto the stage.

"WELL," said Eddie Cantor to young Mr. Howard, "there goes your meal ticket. There will be no more Irma after this."

While Marie reclined on the acrobat's upturned feet and was instantly turned into a whirling, spinning ball of white, producer Howard hid his eyes and moaned pitifully. Up into the air shot Marie, her long skirt trailing, over and under she went, propelled by the acrobat's feet while the audience screamed and one Mr. Howard went to little pieces. "Not in character," he moaned over and over, "not in character."

Strolling out of the Irma stage one day, Marie sauntered next door to the Mr. X stage. "Oh, hello, Mr. Marshall," she greeted Herbert, who suddenly froze in his tracks. It was only then Marie realized that the highly dramatic program was on the air and the unmistakable voice of Irma had gone out to thousands of bewildered listeners at a most crucial moment in the play.

"Oh, sorry," she said, making it doubly bad. Backing out, she was grabbed from behind and yanked down the hall before more conversation was let loose. Herbert Marshall never got over it.

Marie is right. There was never any thought of another Irma from the time My Friend Irma was conceived and written by Howard, who felt there was only one girl who could conceivably play dumb, appealing Irma, whose twisted logic somehow got everyone in and out of trouble. Marie was it, and no one could have been happier than Mr. Howard when Marie was signed.

The show began as a sustaining feature with opinions divided as to its chance of success. Marie was among the doubtful. "Don't you care," she consoled Mr. Howard, "you can always write another show and I'll be in it, too."

Mr. Howard wasn't so sure at that point about wanting Marie even in the same hemisphere. Steadily and surely, however, the feature caught on, with listeners quoting Irma's remarks and more listeners tuning in each week. Finally a soap sponsor grabbed the CBS show that has hit a neat Hooper at this writing and is still going up.

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sponsors and authors alike are rubbing their hands in glee at the thought of listeners beholding the facile comeliness of Marie's features. "But will they believe those eyelashes?" they worry, for without doubt Marie possesses the longest natural eyelashes in captivity. Curled back they form a hammock large enough to cradle a hummingbird.

The possibility that Marie, as Irma, may one day be called upon to sign for a letter or a package in a televised broadcast is another worry. How audiences will react to Marie's printing of IRMA is something to think about.

"I learned to print first," she explains "and I just never changed over to writing."

Evidently, her school teachers in Anaheim, California, where Marie was born, even then sensed the individual logic that is Marie's and let it go at that. Nor did they protest much when Marie came into a $3000 legacy, quit school cold and headed for Hollywood. Bringing her family, and laying in a supply of canned goods and a mink coat which she proudly wore with tennis shoes because there was no money left for leather ones, she set about taking dramatic lessons on the cuff. Times really got tough before Marie got a job at Warner Brothers. They got even tougher when her contract expired and Marie resorted to personal appearances with long lean stretches in between. The job with Ken Murray's show was the turning point, however.

Loyalty to family—a growing family of sisters-in-law, babies, and cousins, has always been a part of Marie. Nothing can shake it. They are hers to look after, take care of, believe in.

"IF UNCLE (unemployed at the time) could only be President," she used to assure me, "everything would be wonderful. Uncle has such marvelous ideas." To this day Marie believes the salvation of the world rests with Uncle. "Only he isn't an uncle exactly," she'd amend. In time it became clear Marie wasn't too sure who Uncle really was after all. In some way, she'd explain, he was related to people in her family.

Five years ago she met handsome Allan Nixon, a young actor, and married him in a surprise elopement that rocked Hollywood, Marie being actively engaged at the time to an older man.

"For heaven's sake, Marie, are you married or aren't you?" we demanded while reporters phoned in a frenzy.

"No," she wept, "I'm not. And besides I'm having it annulled." It wasn't that she didn't love Allan who, by this time was a stunned bridegroom if ever you saw one. "I just can't bear to hurt anyone," she wept, "so I'll divorce Allan and go back to Nicky."

"But then Allan will be hurt," we argued.

Marie regarded her husband through long wet lashes. "But he's younger and doesn't need me," she reasoned and the wailing began all over again.

Eventually, the triangle ironed itself out to a twosome and with five years of marriage and only one or two disagreements between them, Allan and Marie are completely happy.

At heart and at home, Marie is an Irma. She neither drinks, smokes, nor resorts to colorful language or backfence gossip. No matter the faults or weaknesses of friends or strangers, Marie sees in them hidden virtues. And in that secret world she moves and lives and has her being. That's Irma—and My Friend Marie.

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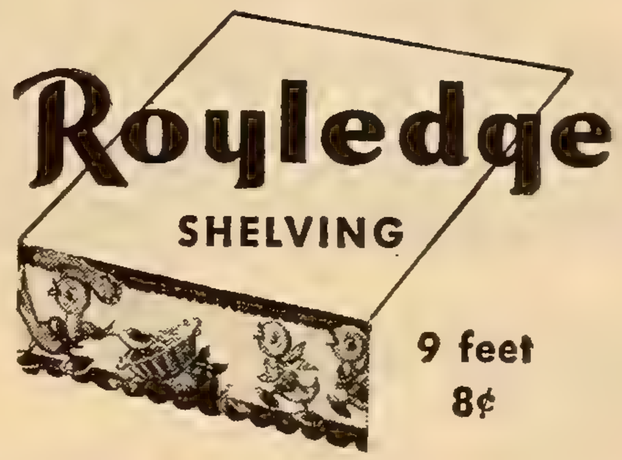

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(*Continued from page 69*)

them in the front seat of Carl's car. Neither Phyllis nor Carl cared to talk. Anne dragged the conversation along by its ears over miles of winding roadway, through an hour of painful politeness on the part of her guests on the sunny hilltop that was the picnic site.

Jerry, returning from Lincoln Falls, caught up with them on the way home. He honked Carl to a stop at the side of the road, calling, "Hey, Carl! I want to talk to you—"

In a flash Anne was out of Carl's car and into Jerry's, pinching him vigorously. "Not now, you lug!" she hissed, and raised her voice sweetly. "Carl, you won't mind driving back with Phyllis? I'll keep Jerry company."

Carl and Phyllis drove on. Jerry gaped after them, rubbed the sore spot his wife's fingernails had left on his arm. "Now what's the idea?" he asked aggrievedly. "I wanted to talk to Carl. There's a job for him in Suggs' office—"

"Oh, Jerry!" Anne sank back against the seat, permitted herself a few tears of disappointment. "I wanted them to ride back together, at least. You don't know what a time I've had with them—*huh?*" She sat bolt upright. "Did you say a *job?* For Carl?"

They told him about it before dinner that evening. "This guy Suggs," Jerry said, "has packed as much excitement into running his dinky little newspaper as a big city publisher does. He needs a man, and when I told him you'd once been a newspaperman—"

Carl's eyes were alight; he was excited, and trying not to show it too much. "It sort of takes my breath away," he said. "I didn't expect—"

"Wait a minute," ordered Jerry. "I'm certainly not trying to discourage you, but we're in a mess, both Suggs and I. Half this state is run by as crooked a galoot as ever came down the pike, Carl. He was using me to run interference for him in a lulu of a swindle—trying to get a water reservoir condemned here in order to sell the land to the railroad. He got the governor to appoint me Assistant Commissioner of Health for this county—and then put a plant right in my office, a first-rate bacteriologist named Ledderbe. We caught Ledderbe red-handed a few days ago. He signed a confession—and collapsed. We took him to the hospital in Lincoln Falls yesterday—"

"This crooked galoot," Carl interrupted, "is Roger Dineen?"

"Right." Jerry nodded. "He's a national character, smart, smooth, completely ruthless. Last night in Suggs' office—that's why I was called away from dinner—he threatened Suggs with a libel suit if Suggs printed the confession, and he might get away with it. He's safe as long as Ledderbe's in the hospital in a state of shock, and unable to testify against him. Ledderbe's a good guy underneath, and he likes me—but he's mortally afraid of Dineen. You see—"

"What has Phyllis to do with all this?" Carl asked bluntly.

"Oh, Phyllis!" Anne spoke rapidly. "Her story's a book in itself. She has nothing to do with her father. She's left him. She doesn't even know all the details Jerry just told you."

"That's right," Jerry corroborated. "One of the nasty things about breaking the business in Suggs' newspaper is what it will do to Phyllis. But—get this straight—she's okay. Strictly."

"Well—" Carl hesitated, so long that Jerry grew impatient. "What do you say, Carl? Will you go to see Suggs?"

"I don't know," said Carl slowly. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll take a walk."

The next morning Carl was backing his car down the Malone driveway and wondering what had taken possession of him. Maybe it was just the Malones. They were so happy together that they made him think of happiness.

He jammed on the brakes. Phyllis Dineen, half-crouching, had darted into the driveway from behind the privet hedge, directly into his path. "What are you doing there?" he shouted in a voice that shook with fear and anger. "I might have—"

She rose, an onion-shaped object in her hand, and came toward him. "Planting tulips for Mrs. Morrison. A bulb got away from me," she said pleasantly. "What are *you* doing?"

"Aside from trying to run you down, I'm on my way to see about a job. To see," he added carefully, "a Mr. Hubert Suggs about a job on his newspaper."

"Oh." Her face didn't change. "I wish you luck."

"Thanks," he said. "I'd like to know what you think of it."

"*I?* Why—"

It came to him without surprise that he wouldn't have taken the job without asking her first. "I understand," he explained, "that your father and Suggs are political enemies. I wouldn't like to find myself in a position where I'd be chasing your father, shooting from both hips."

"Why not?" she asked flatly.

"Because—well, you're his daughter, which proves he can do some things right. I'd like to be your friend."

"I see." She turned the tulip bulb slowly in her hand, studying it soberly. "I don't think you ought to let yourself be influenced by anything like that."

"Are you telling me to go jump in the lake?"

Her eyes looked up in a startled glance, looked down again. "I'm telling you what I think." In a low voice, she went on, "Does—does he know about this, this job with Suggs?"

"He—meaning Jerry?" Jerry was closer than a brother to him, but the name was suddenly bitter on his tongue. "It was he who found out about it for me."

"I see." It was hardly a whisper. And suddenly, everything was decided for Carl. It was all completely crazy. For one thing, he hadn't a chance, and for another—well, anyone who'd never felt as he felt would have said that it had happened too quickly, that he couldn't be sure. But he was sure; he knew how he felt—and, since he had no chance, he had nothing to lose by saying how he felt.

He got out of the car to stand before her. "There's another reason I wanted your opinion," he said, "only I'm afraid it's going to annoy you. You see, I love you."

She gave a little gasp—more of pain than anything else. "But why?" she cried frantically. "Why does it have to be me? I mean—there are so many girls—"

"That's always the pity of it, isn't it?" he said ironically. "There are so many girls. I know . . ."

"Oh, please understand! I'm flattered—complimented. And I think you're a fine man—"

"But I've only got one foot," he broke in. "I didn't lose the other heroically, you know. It was an auto accident. It might have happened down the street. But instead it happened in the Philippines—so you don't have to give yourself a sales talk about how you're turning down a hero. You're not."

She went white, then furiously angry. "That has nothing to do with it! You must believe that! Please believe it. You—"

"All right," said Carl quietly. "I'm a heel to even mention it. But that's only part of it. There's another part—and this is really mean. It just goes to show what a guy will stoop to when he feels the way I feel. You're in love with Jerry Malone—and you're making nothing but misery for yourself by keeping your mind set on him. You know that. I don't see why you don't try to shake yourself loose—"

He plunged on desperately. "I know this sounds like a boast, but I might as well get everything off my chest right now. As long as you live, nobody else—*nobody* else—is going to love you as much as I do now. And there's one other thing: I'd like to grab you and kiss you until you yelled out loud. Don't get scared—I won't. I was too well brought up. And now—excuse me, I've got to get on to see Suggs."

It was several days before he saw Phyllis again. Hubert Suggs, with a minimum of the grandiloquent phrases for which he was known, put him to work on sight, and after that Carl found that Jerry had stated only a fraction of the truth in promising him excitement in the *News and Dispatch* office. An attempt was made to poison Ledderbe in his hospital bed—Dineen's work, Jerry was sure, while Roger Dineen blandly hinted to Prosecutor Pierce that perhaps Jerry had some private reason for wanting his patient out of the way.

Carl was kept busy haunting Pierce's office for interviews; he even interviewed Roger Dineen in his great house on the hill. Having met the man, he could understand something of Dineen's effect upon his daughter. There was a magnificence about him—corrupt, but still a real magnificence. And then Ledderbe disappeared. He was simply gone from his bed one night when the nurse made the rounds at the hospital, and with his going, the bottom dropped out of Jerry's case against Dineen. He still had the written confession, but it was useless without a well and clear-headed Ledderbe to back it up.

In the midst of all the excitement, Mrs. Morrison planned a birthday party for Phyllis, with the Malones and Carl as guests. Carl's present was a bouquet of violets picked from under the big tree in the back yard. Phyllis not only wore them, and wore them proudly, as if they were the first flowers anyone had ever given her, but there was a special softness in her eyes for him, a special timbre in her voice.

But still, at the end of the evening, when Jerry went to the kitchen for a glass of water, she followed him.

"Happy birthday!" Jerry toasted her with his glass of water. And then his physician's sixth sense told him that it was time to operate. "Phyllis," he said, his eyes on the violets at her throat, "do you mind if I say something?"

The glow, the softness went out of her. "I know what you're going to say," she said tightly.

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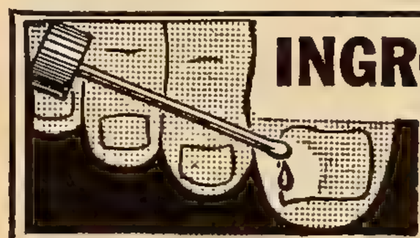

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"Maybe," he agreed. "Part of it. That Carl is fine, and gentle, and that he loves you—yes. And also, that it's time you stopped kidding yourself."

"*Kidding* myself!" It was a cry of anguish. Jerry was unmoved.

"I'm a doctor," he said. "It's a business that isn't entirely confined to giving pills. You get to know what's good for people—and not just for their upset stomachs. Oh, I know, you've told yourself a bunch of cock-and-bull stories about how you're in love with me and how sad it is and all the rest. But it's not the truth, the real truth. The real truth is that you were sheltered for too many years of your life, and when you reached the point where you could no longer be sheltered, you were hurt. Being hurt made you afraid of life—and that's the real point of it. Hanging onto a hopeless love for me is only an excuse to keep from facing life. By telling yourself that you love me and that's why you can't marry Carl no matter how much you like him, you're actually confessing that you're afraid of life and of what life offers."

Her face was drained of color. She swayed, and he was afraid for an instant that she was going to faint. "It isn't true—" she whispered shakily.

"It is true," said Jerry, more gently.

Carl was blissfully unconscious of the scene in the kitchen. Phyllis had seemed close to him that evening as never before, and this time he didn't want to check himself with common sense. He wanted to dream for a while.

He told Anne and Jerry that he was going for a drive, and then he got into his car and turned it toward the country. At a lonely and thickly wooded place, he stopped the car and began to walk, humming softly to himself. The bushes at the side of the road moved; his humming stopped.

"Who's there?" he asked sharply, and listened. He heard no sound at all at first, then the explosive outlet of breath held too long.

An apparition stumbled out of the bushes, a ragged, bearded, emaciated ghost of a man with burning eyes.

"*Ledderbe!*"

The man groaned. "They tried to kill me in the hospital," he whimpered. "I had to get away. But there are troopers — watching — every road — I haven't had any food—"

Carl had seen starvation, and desperation, before. He could not have, that night, turned the wild and desperate creature in for his own sake. But there was another, stronger reason for doing what he did—Phyllis. Once Jerry—and Suggs—knew about Ledderbe, Roger Dineen's name would be smeared all over the state in type three inches high.

For several days he raided the Malone icebox, and drove out at midnight with his preferred food to the hunted man's hiding place. He was keeping Ledderbe alive, and gaining his confidence, but the problem wasn't solved. When Ledderbe agreed to give himself up. . . .

It was Hubert Suggs who, all unknowingly, showed Carl what might prove to be a way out. Suggs played detective in the city one afternoon, on the suspicion that Roger Dineen's henchmen, his secretary, Burke, and his butler, Connors, were deserting their master. He left Carl and Jerry in his office to await his call. When the telephone rang, Carl leaped for it.

"They've done it!" Suggs shouted. "They've skipped! I saw the tickets! Connections straight through to Monterey, Mexico. Get going, Carl! Go straight to Dineen and tell him his boys have skipped."

"The thing to hammer at," said Jerry, after he, too, had talked with Suggs, "is that Burke and Connors have headed for Mexico because they're implicated in the kidnapping and possible murder of Ledderbe. Tell that to Dineen—in other words, find out what's happened to Ledderbe, or else this wonderful break for us is no good. We've got to find Ledderbe, or we fail. Understand?"

Carl understood all too well. He walked out of Suggs' office, got into his car, like a man condemned. And then, as he rang the bell of the big house on the hill, the idea, the barely possible solution, came to him. It was a chance, he thought, just a bare chance. But he would have to take it, for Phyllis. . . .

That night he told Anne and Jerry what he had done—that he had told Dineen he, Carl, had Ledderbe. The Malones were astonished at what seemed like duplicity, until Carl explained that he had hoped by this to force Dineen to resign. "And if he gives up, signs a confession, promises never to meddle again . . . won't justice be served as well as if he goes to prison? And Phyllis won't be as badly hurt. . . ."

They didn't know, until they heard her voice, that Phyllis had come into the room. "Don't worry about me," she said tightly. "I'll—I can go away. I couldn't have less of a life . . ." and suddenly she keeled over.

The front doorbell sounded. Jerry groaned. "A patient—now! It would happen. Carl—Anne—take Phyllis in-

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to the living room, and I'll steer whoever it is into the office."

"She's only fainted, Carl," Anne comforted him as they laid Phyllis on the living room couch. "She'll be all right—" She stopped, at the sound of the high, hysterically triumphant voice that floated down the hall. Suggs' voice.

"We've done it!" he shouted. "Open that envelope, Jerry boy! Read those papers! Resigned as State Chairman, National Committeeman, his bank directorships . . . everything. He's through. That's his surrender!"

Over Phyllis' still face Anne's eyes met Carl's. "Suggs," she said. "It's out of our hands now, Carl."

But it wasn't over, not quite. Carl had his late rendezvous to keep with Ledderbe. Phyllis insisted, over Jerry's and Anne's protests, upon going to see her father, and upon going alone. It was Carl who returned first. He was waiting when Jerry's car, with Phyllis at the wheel, stopped before the house. He crossed the lawn to meet her.

"Phyllis—"

"Yes, Carl. What happened?"

"I brought Ledderbe back with me. He's inside with Jerry now, and he still can't believe he's safe from Dineen. But that isn't what I want to talk to you about."

"I—" She looked ready to run, then changed her mind and waited. "What is it, Carl?"

"I want you to marry me."

"You'd be throwing your life away," said Phyllis. "I think too much of you to let you in for something. I—" She found that she suddenly couldn't say another word. "Forgive me, Carl—" And she turned to run.

"Phyllis—" He started after her. She heard the sickening thud as he went down, heard him groan. She spun around, was kneeling beside him. "Get Jerry," Carl moaned. "It's my leg. The—blasted leg that isn't there."

Phyllis stayed with him through every minute of it, and she flinched just once when Jerry cut away the sock and exposed the torn flesh beneath. And when Carl was comfortable, and Jerry had turned his back for a moment, she bent close to Carl, whispering, "Carl, I love you. I just found out. When you fell, back there, it was as if it were I who'd been hurt. You're as close to me as that. Can you believe me, Carl?"

Jerry, returning, stopped short at the sight of them, backed quietly out, went down the hall to the kitchen to Anne. He put his arms around her and rocked her back and forth, humming foolishly and grinning.

"Jerry Malone! If you won't tell me what it's all about—or has all the excitement gone to your head?"

"Nope," said Jerry, "my head's all clear. Everything's all clear for everybody—even for Phyllis. Her father's name isn't going to be smeared all over the papers after all. There'll just be a genteel announcement that he's out of politics, out of the state. Suggs can't do otherwise, now. After all, he's proved his case in public by the very fact that Dineen is getting out, and he owes something to Carl and me for helping him prove it. And furthermore—"

Anne shook him. "Jerry, stop! If you won't tell me—"

"And furthermore," he went on airily, "Suggs thinks a lot of Carl Ward. He's not going to do anything that will hurt Carl's wife-to-be, not anything at all."

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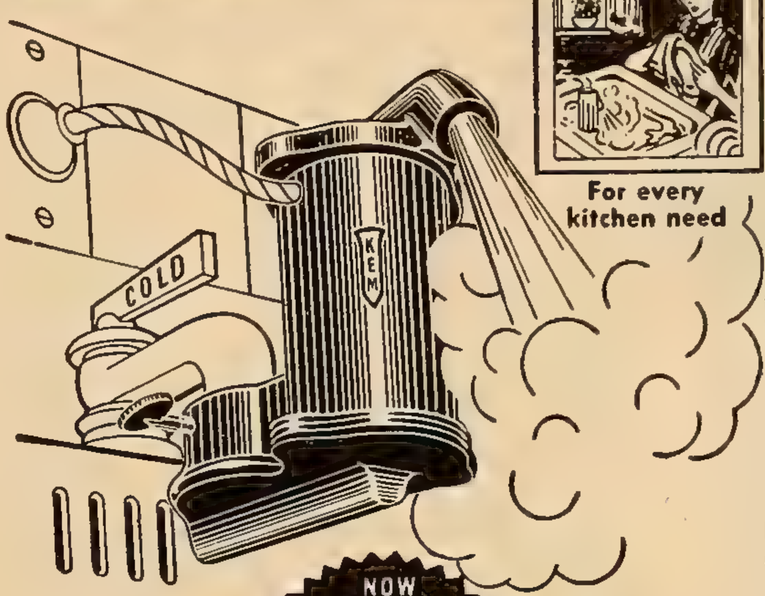

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And Something New

(*Continued from page 65*)

cakes together so the tops meet at the center and frost them. Put a small doily in the hole at the top. It will look like an old fashioned bouquet if you fill it with flowers and leaves of frosting. *First make the stems:* Roll up a square of smooth brown wrapping paper to make a cornucopia (open at one end and tightly closed at the other). Fill about ½ full with frosting which has been tinted green. Fold the open end closed and press the frosting toward the point. With a scissors snip off a bit of the closed end, just so a small stream of the frosting can be squeezed through. With this paper tube you can place the stems wherever you want them.

Then make the leaves: Use green frosting in the same tube (or make a new one if the one you were using wears out) but press the tip of the tube out flat. With a sharp scissors cut ¼ inch off each side of the end of the tube. When this tube is squeezed it will make leaves.

Little Pink Roses: Color about ½ cup of the frosting pink. Fill the paper tube. With a scissors cut off one side of the tip of the tube. Small amounts pressed through onto the green leaves will make little roses and rose buds. If you make any little mistakes, just cover them with a few green leaves.

Wedding Breakfast, Lunch or Supper: (to serve at the home reception.

Chicken Salad
Hot Rolls Brides' Cake
Champagne Punch

MOULDED CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 cup diced celery
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup French dressing
1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup chicken stock or water
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 cup cooked rice

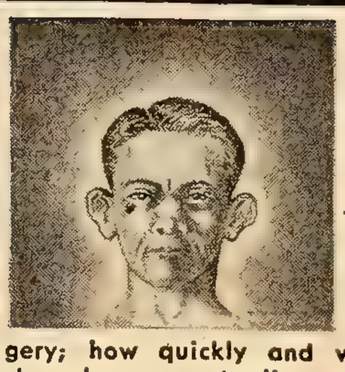
Combine chicken, onion, celery, salt and French dressing. Soften gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Add to hot stock or water and stir until dissolved. Place green pepper in a layer on the bottom of a 2-quart mold which has been rinsed in cold water. Add 2 tablespoons gelatine mixture and chill 15 minutes. Add mayonnaise to remaining gelatine mixture. Pour over chicken and celery, add rice and mix thoroughly. Turn into mold; chill until firm. Serves six.

CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

3 cups sugar
3 cups lemon juice
2 cups shredded pineapple
1 pint strawberries
1 pint strong green tea
2 tablespoons Curacao
1 quart Champagne
1 quart white wine
1 quart carbonated water
ice

Dissolve 2 cups sugar in lemon juice; sprinkle remaining sugar over shredded pineapple and whole hulled strawberries and allow to stand until sugar is dissolved. Put chilled green tea, Curacao and wines into punch bowl, stir in sweetened lemon juice, fruits and carbonated water; place a large block of ice in the bowl and serve ice cold. makes 5 quarts, or 40 small glasses.

DO THEY TALK ABOUT YOU?



Do you feel that they are laughing at your ears or nose? You can stop this by sending for this well known book
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Now you can prepare for practical experience as a **Trained Practical Nurse** in spare time. Many earn while learning. Ages 18 to 55. High school not necessary. Easy payments. Write for **free** information and sample lesson pages.
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Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL relieves soreness, pain. Softens embedded part of nail for easy removal. Get a bottle today. Sold everywhere.
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STOP Scratching
It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

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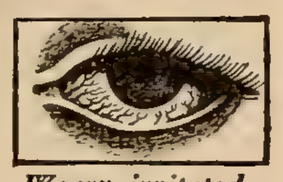
Relieves TIRED EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep, reading, driving or movies—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and $1.00 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!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Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

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JITTERY NERVES
Try MILES NERVINE
When your nerves occasionally get Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.

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TWO KINDS
WITH 5% DDT
. . . for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.
OR WITH ROTENONE
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Advice To Girls With Oily Face

Does all the time you spend on make-up seem absolutely wasted? Does your freshly powdered face take on an oily shine in minutes? Then DO use Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack! Especially before important dates, because you'll be simply thrilled with the difference this white cream clay can make. Just smooth it on your face—let dry about 8 minutes—rinse off. As it dries, it works to coax brighter color to the surface, absorb and carry off excess oil...leaving your skin looking smooth and velvety—ready to take—and keep—a perfect make-up. Use Hopper White Clay Pack regularly twice a week. See how free from oily shine it leaves your skin, how its regular use helps discourage blackheads caused by oil plus grime, and gives your complexion a smoother, finer-textured look, a velvet radiance you'll love. A real 'must' for the oily complexion—make a date with Hopper White Clay Pack right away—*today!* And for everyday care use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. At drug and cosmetic counters.

Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 45)

DOUBLY DEAR

Dear Papa David:

My cousin and I were orphaned and brought up by our grandmother. There was twelve years' difference in our ages, my cousin being the older. She has always been sweet and very intelligent, and no one would ever know that she did not finish high school, because there was a small baby to take care of. When my grandmother took me, she was already old.

When I finished Junior High, my cousin had just become engaged to a splendid man. I loved her and wanted her to be happy. I also knew that I would have to quit school, as now my grandmother needed someone to take care of her. I tried to hide my intense misery. I felt that without my diploma, I would be an outcast from society.

All this was changed when my cousin announced that she and her fiancé had decided not to marry for a few years. She stayed home, took care of grandmother, did up my clothes for school every day, and saw to it that I had time for my lessons and some fun besides. I'll never forget how proud and happy she was the day I came home with my National Honor Society pin, and her tears of happiness when I received my High School diploma. The following week she was married. I was too young, then, to realize what she must have gone through, loving this wonderful man as she did, and yet waiting three years to marry him.

My High School diploma made it possible for me to continue my education, and to earn a good salary for many years before I got married. I used to buy lovely things for my cousin whenever I was able, but, of course, nothing could ever repay her kindness and sacrifices for me. To me, my education is doubly dear.

A. T.

THE HAPPIEST FEELING

Dear Papa David:

I am a girl of fifteen years old. I am in the ninth grade. I will tell you what a struggle I have to study. I have three brothers, but I am the only girl, and I cook for my father and brother. My mother is an invalid. I have to look after her, too. I cook breakfast, get my mother settled for the day, then I go to school. I walk almost half of a mile to get to the bus.

When school is out I come home, clean up and wash some, cook supper. Then I settle down to do my home work for the next day. You see I want to be a librarian. I like to read so much I think I would like to be one. I am reading something everytime I'm not happy. So you see Papa David even though I can't get to go out as much as other girls, I really enjoy doing the things my family need my help in. I know Life Can Be Beautiful. There is not a happier feeling than doing good for others and seeing their eyes light up with praise for you.

H. S.

UNDERSTANDING HEART

Dear Papa David:

When I was sixteen I married to escape a miserable, loveless home. Within a year I was left a widow with twin sons. For twenty years I worked to give them happiness and advantages

"I SHOUTED FOR CURLS so Mother gave them to me" with Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

- created especially for baby's fine hair
- helps give silky curls and ringlets
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- used for over 30 years by thousands of mothers
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At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally . . .

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Nestle-originators of permanent waving-Meriden, Conn.
☐ Send me (tax and postage prepaid) bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment and your FREE booklet "Curls for your Baby". I'm enclosing $1.00.
Name .....
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Rounded Ends
See how the gently rounded ends make Fibs tampons really easy to use!
"Quilted" Comfort
Only Fibs are quilted . . . to keep Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size!
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Fibs' quilting helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues!

Internal Sanitary Protection
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GET RID OF CALLUSES!
Blue-Jay Callus Plasters relieve painful pressure, medication helps remove callus.

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Blue-Jay Foot Powder reduces perspiration and deodorizes, is soothing, cooling.

STOP PAIN OF BUNIONS!
Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads for bunions are soft, cushioning, reduce pressure, friction.

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Cut Blue-Jay Cushion Moleskin to fit over tender spots. Extra soft, adhesive, flesh-colored, gives quick relief.

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Get new Blue-Jay all-elastic Arch Lift! 100% more effective than ordinary bands.

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Blue-Jay Corn Plasters instantly stop shoe-pressure pain. Nupercaine*, exclusive with Blue-Jay, curbs surface pain. Gentle medication loosens hard "core"—just lift it out in a few days!

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Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes—no "numbers" or trick music. Some of our 850,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you are playing popular music.

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Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

I'd never had except in daydreams. Then they died overseas within a month of each other and I was left alone, friendless, older than my years without a thing in life to love.

One evening a soldier who had known one of my boys came to see me. He had just lost his mother. Sorry for him, I invited him to be my guest. Again I cooked steaks and apple pie.

A little old lady down the street lost her son, too. I called meaning to comfort her, and she gave me peace, too. We seemed to be real friends from the first, and sewed and worked together. Concerts and church were more fun together. Someone gave us the names of boys in the service and we adopted them, sending them boxes from home, long letters, and books.

The bewildered little girl who came to me after her kitten was run over made my heart ache. Hot chocolate and cookies made her feel a little better. Later she came calling with friends. Soon my empty rooms echoed with happy children playing.

Rebellious little boys who can be so good or so naughty; lonely old ladies who fear they have out-lived usefulness; frightened young people facing a baffling world; I've tried to meet them all with an understanding heart. With so many people who need loving in the world, I can never be afraid and lonely.

L. E.

CALL IT FATE

Dear Papa David:

My family consisted of my father, two brothers, three sisters and myself. My mother having died when I was born, I was lonely, desperately so, but this I kept well hidden. My father was worn and tired from hard work for so many years. My sisters and brothers were much older and I—well, I was just the little girl that had to be clothed and fed and was always in the way.

So when the kind, sweet lady moved next door, I found in her the mother I never had.

As I grew older, went to high school, had my first date, Mother Blake was the one who shared by secrets.

During these years, my father had died, two sisters and one brother had married, the others were planning homes of their own, but I was in the way. Again Mother Blake solved my problem. I went to live with her, and she really became my mother.

She had never mentioned anything of her family to me, except to say that none were living, but one day after I had gone to live with her, she told me the tragic story of her life. She was the only daughter of parents who had died within a month of each other of smallpox. One year old at the time, she had been placed in a children's home until she reached the age of 18. She was married at the age of twenty and had three sons by the time she was twenty-five. Her cup of happiness was overflowing. Then, when her oldest son was eight years of age, the flu epidemic of 1918 struck. Within one week, her husband and three sons had left her.

The days and months went by and I finally married. My husband loved her deeply and she adored him. We stayed on in the cottage when Mother Blake passed away in her sleep, as quietly as she had lived. We sent her body back to rest beside the family she had loved and lost so long ago. She had left us her house, the furnishings and the Bible. Her influence and goodness were all around us and would always be.

E. M. G.

THERE REALLY IS A DIFFERENCE

Ask for Royalty—for consistent quality, true color and perfect fit.

Rinse Hair Off Legs

IN 5 MINUTES

. . . without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Now—without risk of cutting, without razor-stubble—you can rinse hair off in normally 5 *minutes* flat. New cream with *Lanolin* does the trick. Leaves skin smoother, sleeker. Keeps it free from hair a *longer* time by removing it *closer* to the follicle. Ask *today* for new Neet Cream Hair Remover at drug or cosmetic counters.

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WIN the next contest you enter Our CONTEST MAGAZINE has helped others win. Big winners tell their secrets, teach you how to win BIG PRIZES. List current contests. Send 25c for sample copy

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WANTED: JEWELRY!

We buy old or broken jewelry. Cash paid immediately. Highest prices. Mail us gold teeth, watches, rings, diamonds, silverware, eyeglasses, old gold, silver, platinum, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed or your merchandise returned. Write for free information.
Rose Smelting Co., 29-MW East Madison, Chicago

Many Users Say They

GROW HAIR

IT STIMULATES GROWTH OF HAIR

Yes—today you may find relief from baldness, losing hair. Many report remarkable results. New war formula—guaranteed. Satisfied customers' names supplied on request. Money back if not satisfied.

Sent anywhere Cash or C.O.D. *Price Per Jar including Tax* $10

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...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

• Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-appearing shades — from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands — Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 75c and $1.75 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

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Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today —BROWNATONE, Dept. 286, COVINGTON KY.

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS** (SCALY-SKIN TROUBLE) Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

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Man's Imitation **DIAMOND RING** at special low price of **$4.95**

A handsome, massive and rich-looking man's ring set with three large imitation diamonds. It's really a beauty. Gold filled or Sterling Silver.

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Pay Postman on delivery plus 20% Fed. Tax and postage on Money-Back Guarantee.

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Write at once if you want this fine made-to-measure suit! You can get it by taking a few orders from friends, and earn up to $10.00, $12.00 in a day. Your bonus suit helps you take more orders with latest style, made-to-measure guaranteed suits at amazingly low prices. Also complete line of Ladies' Tailored Suits. No experience, no money needed. Write today for FREE SAMPLES —telling about yourself—age, etc. No obligation—act now!

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The *Liquid* Facial Cleanser
Removes Dirt . . . Leaves No Grease in Pores.
At Department, Drug and Ten Cent Stores

Fascinating Book Shows How
YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE
A BEAUTIFUL NOSE

Nobody today need go through life with the handicap of a badly shaped nose or other disfigured features. In "YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE," a fascinating new book by a noted Plastic Surgeon, he shows how simple corrections "remodel" the badly shaped nose, take years off the prematurely aged face. INCLUDES 90 ACTUAL BEFORE-AND-AFTER PHOTOS. Book sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper for only 25¢

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Pix Means Pictures

(*Continued from page* 52)

After the architect's plans were approved, Mr. Denton decided how much and what type of equipment was needed. On December 3rd orders were placed with General Electric and Radio Corporation of America. Two days later, Robert L. Coe, formerly chief engineer of KSD-TV of St. Louis, Missouri, was named station manager and three other department heads were named.

On January 30th of this year, Harvey Marlow, young, pipe-smoking program man from the American Broadcasting Company was named Program Director. It is his job to line up program ideas, special features, news and sports events, and to sign talent. First "name" personality to be signed for a regularly scheduled WPIX program was the long-time favorite Gloria Swanson. She will do an hour show once a week. The show will be divided into four distinct parts. Each 15-minute segment will deal with a different subject. Mr. Marlow announced at the signing of the contracts that the program will cover fashions, homemaking, kitchen hints, and interviews.

All the while that Mr. Marlow and his large staff are planning programs and hatching ideas, the actual construction of the station goes on about them. Loads of steel are constantly arriving and being hoisted into position. The television tower will rise 777 feet above street level. Inside the building the television department keeps expanding. It started off modestly with floor space on the tenth floor. Two months later the department had also taken over space on the fifth and seventh floors as the various departments worked feverishly to get the station on the air by June 15th. Greatest scenes of activity are in the engineering, news, and special events, the film and programming departments. They will be the backbone of the station once it is on the air.

What's that you say? You think you'll make your million some other way? Why, when we've just pointed out that all you need to start a television station is to surround yourselves with geniuses of every description, go through a long FCC battle, obtain untold equipment, and spend lots and lots of money!

Listen when **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**

15 Minutes with Radio's charming personality as she talks to the women of America about the things that interest them.

Noon E. D. T. Monday-Friday
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"BC" RELIEVES HEADACHES FAST!

Your choice—tablet or powder

Ask for "BC" Headache Tablets or "BC" Headache Powders *today.* The same wonderful combination of fast-acting ingredients in both . . . the same famous formula. *Both* soothe headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. *Two* tablets equal *one* powder. On sale everywhere. Use only as directed.

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Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER **57¢**

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.

Original returned with your enlargement. **3 for $1.25**

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

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100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1558-G Chicago (11), Ill.

Earn $35 a week

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PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer, of Iowa, runs her own nursing home. Others earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. Trial plan. 49th year. Send coupon now!

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Dept. 186, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____ Age_____
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"Why I had a Test-Tube Baby. . . ."

IMPERSONAL headlines in the daily newspapers have told you about Mrs. Antoine Strnad and her four-year-old daughter Antoinette. They've told you that Antoinette was an artificially conceived "test-tube" baby . . . and that her "father" kidnapped her to Czechoslovakia.

NOW for the very first time—Mrs. Strnad herself tells you the intimate story of *why* she chose to have a test-tube baby. She describes her husband's strange reaction to the baby. And tells why he must be prevented from seeing the child.

All this is revealed in the new June TRUE EXPERIENCE, the magazine of thrilling real-life adventures.

Don't miss . . .

"I NEVER LOST MY COURAGE"—The story of how Jane Froman's fighting spirit helped save her life and forced her to walk again.

"I WAS A CAPTIVE BRIDE"—The nightmare experience of Maria Escobar, the wealthy Mexican girl who was kidnapped and forced to marry a man she didn't love.

R
M

"MIRACLE MARRIAGE"—The amazing *true* story of a romance that blossomed behind the walls of a concentration camp.

"CHRISTMAS IN JANUARY"—This tells what happened to the young father who *stole* to please his son.

"MR. BLANDING GIVES THE ORDERS"—The laugh-packed story of a butler who tries to become boss.

"FOOLISH ANGEL"—The dilemma of a young singer who falls in love with *two* orchestra leaders.

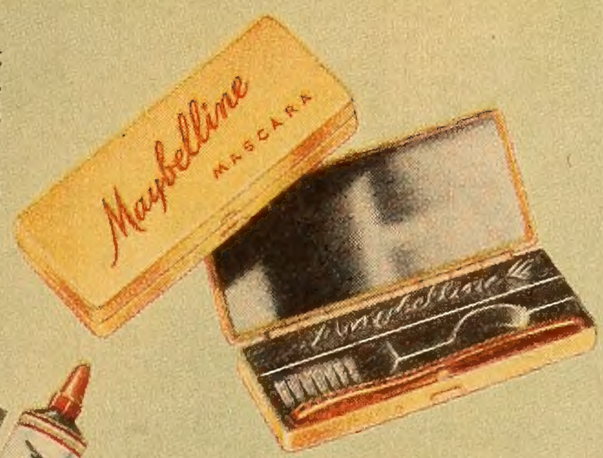
ALL THIS AND MUCH MORE IN THE BIG, NEW JUNE

TRUE EXPERIENCE

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

Do the same for yourself — WITH MAYBELLINE!



MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in beautiful gold-tone metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)

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MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL, soft, smooth quality, fine point — so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Shades: Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.

Smart, modern girls and women are realizing that made-up lips make neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long and luxuriant. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste — preferred by smart women everywhere.

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

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WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

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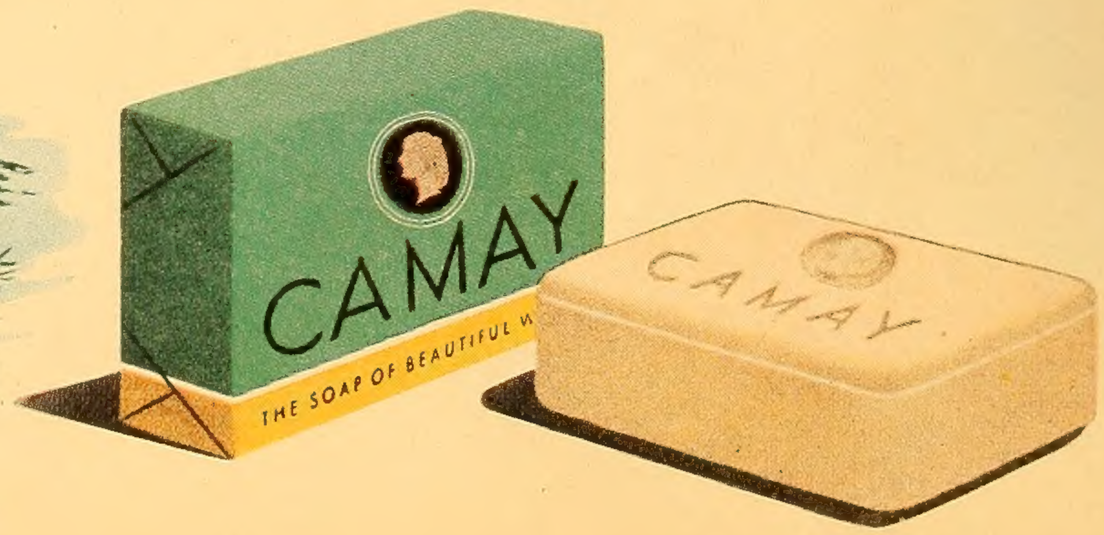
You can win a Lovelier Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

HERE ARE THE O'HARAS!

The O'Haras kept their engagement secret—seldom were seen "out" like this. Reason—he was her boss! Shirley's skin is lovely. Her *first cake* of Camay worked magic!

Others are attentive when your skin is clear and smooth. And greater skin beauty can begin for you with just *one cake* of Camay. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper. Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can bring you a lovelier skin!

Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they honeymooned, and Camay are Shirley's two pet raves. She speaks four languages—says in all four—"I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for keeps!"